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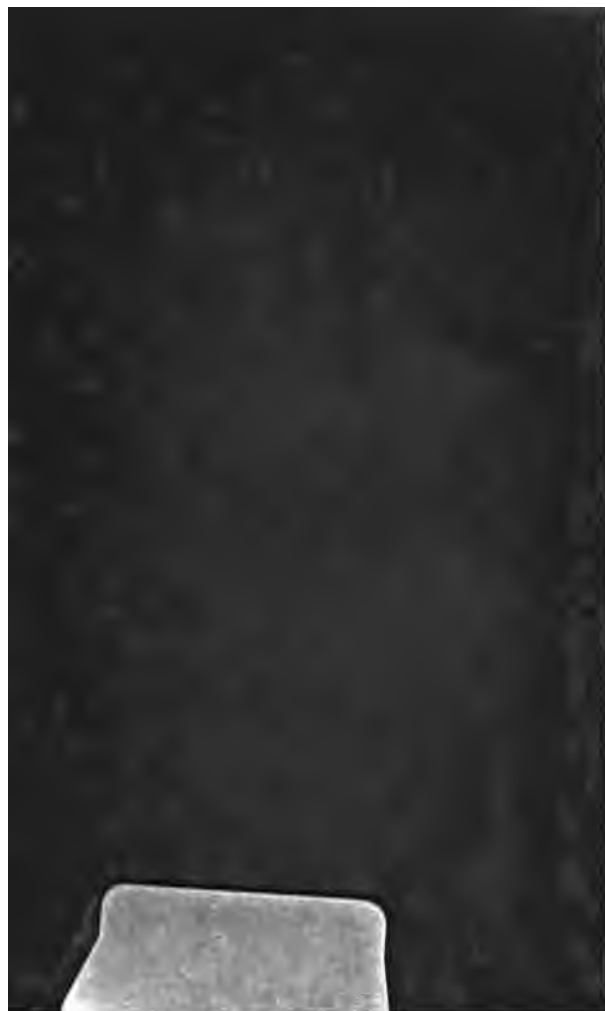
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Excerpta
&
Fragmentis



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EXCERPTA E FRAGMENTIS.



Ανδρὸς χαρακτήρ ἐκ λόγου γνωρίζεται.

LONDON :
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PREFACE.

THE Author, with much diffidence and distrust, sends forth to public notice these simple effusions and readings, still hoping that, however rough and unpolished they may be, there will be found in them sufficient of that which is useful, to merit some favourable consideration, and thus pave the way for a more ready reception of the "Fragmenta" from which these Excerpta have been, perhaps with a degree of unfairness, selected.

The "Fragmenta" the author will venture to publish with somewhat greater confidence, as a more complete and finished work, and as containing many points of attraction and usefulness which it has been found impossible to condense in the present little volume.

There is no display of scholarship intended, but a plain and unadorned expression of *heartfelt sentiment*. A love of the Muses and a mind naturally fervid and energetic have constrained to this undertaking, and which, unpretending as it is, afforded a soothing cordial when "days were dark and friends were few."

"Musis amicus tristitiam et metas
Tradam protervis in mare Creticum
Portare ventis."

Indeed I may add, without ostentation, how gratefully I can affirm, by experience, the truthfulness of those lines of Theocritus to his friend Nicias : —

Νικία οὐτ' ἔγχριστον (ἐμοὶ δοκεῖ) οὐτ' ἐπίπαστον
ἢ τὰ Πιερίδες.

Kind reader, pardon faults; there are many;
—be not too severe. —Farewell.

J. B.

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EXCERPTA E FRAGMENTIS.

Now, hark ! our merry village bells
Re-echo through the neighbouring dells,
And strike the soul with fondest thought
Of happier days those sounds have brought.
Associations sweet are theirs !
More hallowed by the lapse of years ;
For rude indeed that heart must be
Which cannot feel their melody.
Sweet bells ! that lull'd me when a child,
And cradled sleep so soft and mild,
I never can forget your sounds,
Though at the earth's remotest bounds.
Sweet village bells ! I know not why,
But you awake my sympathy.

(From the Author's "Scenes of Childhood.")

ODE TO MY NATIVE VALE.

SWEET vale ! that nursed my early years,
How oft I think of thee with tears !
With thee to rove once more I seem,
And stroll beside the Avon's stream,
Or bathe my limbs in peace alone—
Refreshing as in days bygone.
Or sit and fish, with grains for bait,
Near some silent favourite ait,

Where roach and bream are always wont
The hollow banks to make their haunt.
Or bob for chub with humble-bee,
Near some old umbrageous tree ;
With wistful eye and anxious look
There dodge about the baited hook.
O happy days ! when mornings gay
Shone nought but blessings on the day,
Nor heart possessed one single sigh,
Or thought of sorrow wafted nigh ;
Nor life — to me as yet unknown —
With treacherous smile or bitter frown,
Did ever damp my placid mind,
Or drop a word that was unkind.
'Twas then the lark did gaily rise,
And tuned aloft the cheerful skies,—
'Twas then the sun, whate'er might be,
Brightened scenes most dear to me.—
Scenes of boyhood, that combine
With nature's ties to make me thine !
Sweet vale ! that nursed my early years,
How oft I think of thee with tears !

With thee my soul first dawn'd to good,
Bright guardian spirits round me stood,
And hallow'd in the ways of grace,
I moved along with even pace.
With thee did intellect expand,
And cull'd the flowers of classic land.
Old Greece and Rome to me were kind,
And polished up a willing mind.
With thee I roved — with them I thought,
And pictured scenes of bliss they brought,—
Of halcyon days,— whose glories dart
A golden impress round the heart,
Nor told one pang of wounded care,
Or what the *man* is sure to share,

Nor shadows cast of fear or doubt,
That sunny days would soon run out.
A heart by nature softened much,
Could not but feel the slightest touch ;
And as it sailed in Fancy's car,
Raised flattering hopes for time to mar.
Sweet vale ! with thee in science too,
I first attained, what falls to few,
With Newton, Leibnitz, and Lagrange,
With Kepler and his laws, could range,
Series expand, on roots dilate,
A difference find or integrate.
A friend to them, and they to me,
I found a mind enlarged and free.
Sweet vale ! that nursed my early years,
How oft I think of thee with tears.

Here smiling Broadway waves on high,
And decks the blue empyreal sky,
'Mid herbage soft,— 'mid parting rocks,
How calmly browse the fleecy flocks,
Which ever lend, sweet vale ! to thee
A grace than sweeter none can be.
See yonder stream, it gently glides,
And laves the thirsty meadows' sides ;
See fruitful orchards scattered lie,
And country seats invite the eye :
Here healthy towns compact and clean,
There smoking hamlets paint the scene.
Many a copse and shady dale,
With cooling brooks that never fail ;
And many a church of olden days,
Placed here and there to mend our ways.
To left, if I but turn me round,
There's Bradon somewhere to be found ;—
Yes — there she lies — old monument !
Thou canst need no lengthy comment.

How often have I stood by thee
 And view'd the lovely scenery :
 And more, if time have not effaced,
 My name upon thee may be traced.
 There Malvern soars with loftier head.
 And much on this might now be said ;
 But here description must be closed,
 For reasons to myself proposed.
 Sweet vale ! that nursed my early years,
 I leave thee — yes — again with tears.

MOUNT LIBANUS.

THY name, O Libanus ! awakes a thought,
 And strikes a chord which vibrates on
 Of Israel's happy days
 When first the Temple rose. —
 Thy snowy head looks white as if by time,
 Thy stately cedars * still convey the truth
 Of their magnificence
 And thy productiveness.
 Tho' snows may crown, yet is thy blood not cold,
 For on thy wilds the tenderest shrub will grow,
 Not stinted — frozen-shaped,
 But plants of Liberty.
 Who can paint thy scenery, sweet mountain steeps !
 Where wild Astragalus†, with purple flowers,
 Or Amaryllis sweet
 Blend their beauteous tints.

* Seven of the most ancient cedars still remain, which, being considered coeval with Solomon, are held most sacred. Rude altars have been erected near them, and an annual Christian festival is held, where worship is performed beneath their venerable branches. The number of cedars *altogether* may be reckoned to amount to 343.

† Astragalus tragacanthoides displays clusters of purple flowers.

Here lilies rise with white or golden hues,
And here the humble primrose sweetly scents,
 With elegance itself,
 The beech-leaved cherry.

These scenes majestic — rich, as setting sun
A golden vesture throws across thy sides,
 With all the magic glow
 Of ancient hallowed time.

Rest thee in peace — nor may polluted hands
Disturb thy present or thy future growth ;
 And sacred rites be thine,
 Till Israel comes again.

THE LOTUS.

Lotus, with petals closed and drooping head,
Soon as the evening shades invite to bed,
We find thee gently dropping out of sight,
And cradled deep in waters sleep the night.

Soon as the morning wakes with sunny ray,
'Tis then again we see thee hail the day, —
Forsake thy watery couch and hasten up,
And shake the pearl-drop from thy opening cup.

* See the *Amœnitates Academice*, vol. iv., by Linnæus, who has noticed the habit of the *Nymphæa alba*, or white-flowering water-lily, which is well known to close its flowers in the afternoon, and lay them on the surface of the waters till the morning, when it raises and expands them to a height of several inches above the water. Theophrastus writes also, 300 years B. C., of the Egyptian Lotus: — “It is reported that in the Euphrates, the head and flowers keep sinking till midnight, when they are so deep in the water as to be out of reach of the hand, but towards morning they return, and still more as the day advances. At sunrise they are already above the surface with the flower expanded ; after which they rise high above the water.”

Thy lily cousin chaste, with pallid face,
Touch'd with the same affections of thy race,
Contented on the *surface* droops to sleep,
Nor dares to venture on the hidden deep.
What is this mystic power — come, Lotus, tell ?
Is it that warm'd by suns thy fibres swell,
Infusing life within thy chilling veins ?
Or, now contracting — as the cold obtains ?
Whate'er this secret be, what laws be thine,
We mark the proofs of wisdom and design,—
One Great Creator clearly comprehend,
And trace the means adapted to the end.

LINES TO A SNOWDROP.

FIRST flower of Spring that peeps above the
ground,
Rock'd to and fro and nursed in hardship's lap,
It grieves to leave thee here
Bleach'd by blustering winds.
White is thy lily cup, emboss'd with green :
My pretty flower ! I feel you must be cold,
I would remove thee hence,
And give thee warmer soil.
Yet still thou seem'st to bloom nor droop with
pain,
Nor biting cold to chill thy pallid face ;
Did Winter plant thee here,
Or Snow, thy kinder nurse ?
Sir, smiled the Flower, your sympathy I feel,
I thank you—would that all possess'd your heart ;
Yet humble as I seem,
I'm happy in my lot.

Winter, indeed, close press'd my tender form,
And softer snows produced me, as you see,
And nurtured thus I feel
Nor cold, nor blustering winds.

Here would I rest, and undisturb'd my root,
Securely brave each element of strife :
So leave me, stranger, here,
I'm happy where I am.

Transplanted, die I might, with jealous care,
Nor breathe so freely in your warmer soil.
Nature hath made me thus,
She will be kind to me.

Transplanted — and my mother told me this : —
Our natures change — our purity is lost :
So, stranger, not for worlds
Would I exchange my state.

Here let me rest — nor let thy kindness move
This little spot where I was safely born,
Where I would live my time,
And, dying, drop my leaves.

Would that we always found in humble life
This noble virtue of contentment lie,
Although surrounding ills
May tempt to gayer scenes.

Thus pure in heart — of health secure,
Would simplest flowers, though hard their lot,
Breathe out a life of peace
And happy usefulness.

“IT IS NOT GOOD THAT THE MAN
SHOULD BE ALONE.” (*Gen.* ii. 18.)

MYSTERIOUS Elohim! well did ye know,
When uttered these words — that nature would
show,

Like rest of creation paired “two and two,”
That man should not lack what Wisdom foreknew.
Thy plan all harmonious — God of all space —
In *oneness* united and founded in grace,
One solace ordained for man, thus *alone*,
And gave him a help-meet — bone of his bone.

Tho’ Eden were pleasure — planted with care, —
Tho’ breath of sweet Heaven perfumed the air, —
Tho’ choicest of flowers, with colours most gay, —
Tho’ odours ambrosial round them should play, —
Tho’ fruits in abundance gratefully hang, —
Tho’ melodies soft as birds ever sang; —
Yet *all* would but reign a wilderness wild,
Had Woman, the sweetest of flow’rs, ne’er smiled.

In a rose-scented bower, gracefully laid,
This beautiful flower was wondrously made;
The Architect, too, nor failed in His will —
Moulding and shaping with exquisite skill,
A rose hanging down gave blush to the face,
And angels, admiring, chaplets of grace;
When the Lord in His pow’er breathed in the
life,
And woman, first-lived, to *Adam was wife*.

“AND THEY SHALL BE ONE FLESH.” (*)
(*Gen. ii. 24.*)

HERE we see *oneness* again in design,
Which *oneness* of end our thoughts should confine —

That *oneness* of heart, which never should roam,
Never found wandering a stranger from home :
That *oneness* of thought, which ever must be
Where two are united, and would but agree :
That *oneness* of love which makes up the sum
Of happiness here and life yet to come.

Vain man ! for whom it was wisely ordained
Two to be one, and creation maintained,
Regard this command as holy and good,
Nor deem it an act that may be withstood.
Let the stronger but help the weak in her need,
The weaker *submit* in will and in deed ;
Let *oneness* prevail in action and thought ;
And surely you'll find the happiness sought.

Survey but the worlds that round you now roll,
This *oneness* you'll find pervading the whole.
In atoms or systems the law is but ONE,
Unity — order — more perfect there's none.
Or leaving the creature, the Godhead we see
One Essence in Unity — Trinity Three.
Should man *then, in pride*, all harmony break,
This law of his God — this Oneness forsake ?

"AND GOD BLESSED THEM."

(Gen. i. 28.)

THIS Marriage of Earth — first solemnly made,
When God led the Bride in beauty arrayed,
When anthems of joy swelled the heavenly choir,
Chanting the blessing of holy desire !
And who can describe half the bliss of the soul,
As warmly that blessing defianced control —
As first beamed the eye with mutual delight,
And heart beat responsive vows which they plight.

Can mortal faint picture what Eden beheld,
On that happy morn the nuptials were hailed :—
When Eve in her beauteous simplicity smiled,
And God gave the Bride—his own lovely child.—
What voices seraphic undulate round,—
What angels attune their harps to the sound,—
What loud Hallelujahs the firmament cleave,—
When man and his wife God's blessing receive !

'Twas in *Eden* — this wondrous blessing was given
Before man had sinned and from it was driven :
'Twas in *Innocence*—ere *Guill*, yet unknown,
One stain of pollution on it had thrown.
E'en so it is *now*—my readers beware :
Now to be happy—His blessing to share—
Vows must be pledged at the altar of Grace,
And Innocence modestly circle its base.

JOB, VI.(^b)

JOB answered and said, in the strength of his cause
 "I honour my God, and obey all his laws ;
 If *balanced*, these griefs and losses together,
 'The sand of the sea would be light as a feather.
 Oh, had I but words to express what I feel !
 But words are all wanting my griefs to reveal.
 The arrows of God have embittered my tears,
 Have poisoned my spirit and shortened my years.
 • With plenty of grass, doth the ass ever bray ?
 Or ox, that is foddered with choicest of hay ?
 Can that which is tasteless be relished at all ?
 Give me but your reasons,—'twill season the gall.
 Do you think I'm foolish—do you think I'm mad ?
 Do you think I've no wisdom, altho' I'm sad ?
 When *affliction* weighs heavy, friends should be
 near :

'Tis afflictions, indeed, which prove them sincere.
 But where is the friend that so often could say,
 'I'll be thy friend still, gather clouds as they may.'
 Not *one* do I find of the numerous throng
 That crowded my table and praised me in song.
 But faithless, and godless, and thankless are all,
 Like brooks and like streams that now rise and
 then fall,
 O'erflooded from snow or with ice that is black,
 When once it is warm—they all turn their back ;
 They vanish and melt, and not one is there found,
 And this they call Friendship — a *name* but in
 sound.

MOONLIGHT MEDITATIONS. (°)

FAIR moon, now shining full with silv'ry orb,
Without one drifting cloud to mar thy light,
I love to contemplate thy placid face,
And trace thy progress thro' the silent night.

There is a charm—a soul-creative power,
Darts from thy rays—I scarce know why—
Whether the stillness of the scene affects—
Or twinkling stars that deck thy canopy.

There is a sympathy which clings to thee,
As if my weary spirit there would rest ;
And unalloyed with mortal pains or fear,
Waft to thy realms, and be for ever blest.

I fancy, as I sit upon this mossy bank,
I hear a thousand voices join in song ;
Distant and faint, like some angelic choir,
Spirits that dwell with thee and glide thee on.

I oft reflect, and seek to know the cause,
Why varied phases mark thy circuit round :
Now brightly shining, lit as if from heaven,
Now veiled in gloom, nor trace of thee be found

Is it a lamp to watch our midnight rest,
Or guide the traveller homeward on his way ?
Is it for justice formed, when sullen frowns
To man predict the gloomy judgment-day ?

Is it a type of youth — of age — of death ?
Of opening childhood, and its fairy dreams ?
Or jewelled manhood's full sublimity,
Or life receding in thy waning beams ?

Is it that spirits of this nether world
Attracted, subtile, seek thine atmosphere ;
When forced, perchance, to leave this mortal coil,—
For none but spirits can inhabit there ?*

I would I could but fly from sun to sun —
Serenely view those worlds that round thee roll ;
But mark the myriads of angelic forms,
And search creation wide from pole to pole.

But this is what the angels love to do—
Nor ever cease their search from day to day ;
Let *me* not then presumptuously aspire,
But here prepare my soul, and learn the way.

Go — gentle moon — I'll leave thee for the night,
I'll rest me on my bed and think of thee ;
And dream, perhaps, I roam with spirits there,
And quaff the gales of vast eternity.

* The force of gravity in the moon is only half that of the earth, consequently the force-retarding motion would be only half.

CALM AT SEA.

THERE is a calm — the winds are gone to sleep,
The noble ship sits helpless on the deep ;
No signs of coming aid approaches near,
Nor gentle ripples on the expanse appear ;
One vast and boundless mirror spreads around,
Nor cloudless skies e'en breathe a whispering
sound.

The gull on sulky wing the surface skims,
Or quiet sits and bathes her languid limbs,—
Nor care besets to seek the finny prey,
But sighs for winds or still more grateful spray.
One fainting deadness steals across the brain
Of all that living breathes the breathless main.
The sailor's anxious ken, with wistful eye,
Sad views the lifeless pendant drooping lie ;
And bending watchful o'er the bulwark's side,
Would mark the symptoms of some fav'ring tide.
The ship in trim — with every stunsail set,
To catch the slightest breath, if ought to get :
A prayer ascends aloft for gentle gales,
Yet still the sullen calm the same prevails ;
Still ling'ring hope hangs out from day to day,
Nor winds arise to speed him on his way.
'Tis *when despair* o'erwhelms the patient crew,
Nor fainting hearts one cheering sign renew —
'Tis then the rippling wave foretells the gale,
And fluttering pendant flies the swelling sail.
'Tis then the ship, delighted with the breeze,
Obeys her helm and proudly cleaves the seas.
'Tis then the sailors shout, "Afore the mast !"
And onward drives the ship to port at last !

And thus, methinks, the Christian feels afraid,
When on his voyage no steady course is made ;

When by some sudden calm he faints within,
 And drooping lags the soul o'erpowered by sin.
 Tho' prayer with fervent heart and wistful eye,
 Mounts up on wings towards th' ethereal sky,
 And asks some cooling breeze to fan his breast,
 Or waft him forward to his wished-for rest ;
 Yet all in vain — as he from day to day
 Still prays and hopes, nor speeds him on his way :
 'Till when, perhaps in accents of despair,
 The troubled waters feel the Spirit there —
 'Tis then the *Christian breathes*, new hopes inspire,
 And new affections burn with holy fire.
 'Tis then the breath of Heaven speeds him on,
 Until the *Sacred Haven* safe is won.

 JOB'S COMPLAINT.⁽⁴⁾

Oh ! let the day perish wherein I was born,
 And let it be darkness and never the morn ;
 Let God blot it out from the record of time ;
 Oh ! perish for ever that birthday of mine !
 Let clouds make it dark — like the shadow of
 death,
 Let every thing curse it that draws any breath,
 May sun never warm it, nor light on it shine —
 Oh ! perish for ever that birthday of mine !
 Tell me why I was born — or why did I live ?—
 Or why did my mother pure nourishment give ?
 Peace then had been mine in the land of the blest,
 Where wicked cease troubling—the weary find
 rest ;
 Where pr sons are free and sheltered from fear,
 Nor voice of oppression can injure them there,—
 Where the small and the great — the weak and the
 strong,
 The servant and master — are *one* in the throng.

JOB, XIX.(*)

AND where are my friends, my kindred, and all,
Who once were accustomed to come at my call?
Fled, fled, far away, — all my kindness forgot,
To them I'm a stranger and counted as nought;
Yea, my wife too, alas! is induced to depart!
Oh! where is affection, that test of the heart!
Those very dear friends, who were wont to be
 near,
Have left me — forsook me — nor *dropped me*
 a tear!

IDEM GRÆCE REDDITUM.

Φεῦ! μοῦ φίλοι τε συγγενεῖς πάντες τε — ποῦ;
 Οἱ ἡδέως ἔλθειν πάλαι φιλοῦντο εὔ.
 "Ἐφυγον ὅλως! ἔφυγον — λαθόντες καὶ ἀμὰ
 Πασῶν τε καλῶν δε χαρίτων — δωρῶν ἐμοῦ.
 "Ἄλοχος ἔφυγε — ἐλπίδος ἀκὴ — παιδῶν τε κήρ —
 "Ἄλοχος βὰ πολύδωρος πρὶν ἤ — οὐκ ἐτὶ λαρά!
 Φεῦ! πάντ' ἐπιχθόνια — ῥοπή πᾶς ὁ βίος ὦν —
 Ἐντιμοὶ οἱ φίλοι ἐμοῦ, — ἔχοντες εὔ —
 "Ἐφυγον — ἔ! δάκρυ οὐ ψεκασάντες ἔν.

SISYPHUS (*Odyssey*, xi. 593—600.)

THERE Sisyphus(°) I saw, whose soul seemed
deeply grieved,
With all his strength a huge and massive stone
upheaved,
Propping with hands and feet the pond'rous deadly
weight,
He labours up the hill, and nearly gains the
height;
But when just there in hope, he thinks the top to
gain,
The shameful stone rolls back, rebounding o'er the
plain;
When, giant-like, once more he strives with mighty
thrust,
And bathes his limbs in sweat, and stirs the stifling
dust.

ODYSSEY, XI. 593—600.

Καὶ μὲν Σίσυφον εἰσεῖδον, κρατέρ' ἄλγε' ἔχοντα,
Λᾶαν βαστάζοντα πελώριον ἀμφοτέρησιν·
"Ἦτοι ὁ μὲν, σκηριπτόμενος χερσὶν τε ποσὶν τε,
Λᾶαν αἶνω ὥθεσκε ποτὶ λόφον· ἀλλ' ὅτε μέλλοι
"Ἄκρον ὑπερβαλεῖν, τότε' ἀποστρέψασκε κραταῖς,
Αὐτίς· ἔπειτα πέδονδε κυλίνδετο λᾶας ἀναιδής.
Αὐτὰρ ὃ γ' ἀψ ὥσασκε τιταινόμενος· κατὰ δ' ἰδρῶς
"Εῤῥεεν ἐκ μελέων, κονίη δ' ἐκ κρατὸς ὀρώρει.

DE VITA INCERTA.

(From the Anthologia Græca.)

LIFE is a voyage, and tempest-tost are we,
More wretched oft than sailors on the sea;
With Fortune at the helm, our course we bend,
Not knowing how the doubtful voyage may end.
Some prosper well, with peaceful seas and wind,
While others backward drive, nor safety find.
Yet all — yea all, shall reach at last *one shore*,
When their frail barque shall toss on seas no
more.

Πλοῦς σφαλερὸς τὸ ζῆν· χειμαζομένη γὰρ ἐν αὐτῷ
Πολλάκι ναυηγῶν πταίομεν οἰκτότερα.
Τὴν δὲ Τύχην βιότοιο κυβερνητεῖραν ἔχοντες,
Ὡς ἐπὶ τοῦ πελάγους ἀμφίβολοι πλέομεν·
Οἱ μὲν ἐπ' εὐπλοίῃ, οἱ δ' ἔμπαλιν· ἀλλ' ἀμὰ πάντες
Εἰς ἓνα τὸν κατὰ γῆς ὄρμον ἀπερχόμεθα.

(*From the Anthologia Græca*, tom. iv. page 134.)

Ed. Jac.)

COME, drink and be merry! what to-morrow shall
bring,
Or the future revolving, not one of us knows:
Do not hasten or harass, as time's on the wing,
And will shortly ere long bring your life to a
close.
Be ye blithesome and gay—live at ease—think of
death,
For but short is the distance between it and
life,
And life but a whirling—only vapour—a breath,
Soon we die, and leave all — with its turmoil and
strife.

THE EXILE.

FAREWELL my native land ! To thee
For ever waft my fondest thought ;
All time and space beyond the sea,
United try their strength for nought.
 Best of wishes shall be mine.
 Land of Birth, for ever thine !

Farewell, ye dreams of childhood gone—
Those first impressions nature made ;
When Summer suns so mildly shone,
And gentle Zephyrs round me played.
 Dreams of childhood bright were mine.
 Land of Birth, for ever thine ! —

Farewell ye days when manhood dawned,
And lovely beauty beamed delight ;
When Hymen smiled, and Virtue scorned
To breathe a thought that was not right.
 Happy days, oh ! then were mine.
 Land of Birth, for ever thine !

Farewell ye storms of trial past,
The scowling clouds that damp the heart,
And Malice dire with tempest-blast—
Farewell ! — For *ever* may we part.
 Withering Hope, she has been mine.
 Land of Birth, still ever thine !

In other lands—with bitter years,
A wandering stranger far to roam ! —
I'm doomed to breathe a few more years,
And then, perhaps, to find a home.
 Brighter days on me may shine.
 Land of Birth, I may be thine.

RUTH.

SHALL Judah's harp be ne'er unstrung,
Nor other chords await our song ;
Or thrill the soul with tender sounds
Of plaintive melody ?

Is it that touched by God's own hand,
Soft breathe its notes thro' every land ;
Waft words that melt the pious thought
To tears of ecstasy.

Here is a theme which griefs reveal,
A theme domestic all can feel ;
A theme of duty and of love,
Worthy our example.

Ruth ! may thy name for ever be,
Despite thy foreign pedigree,
A talisman to touch the strings
Which vibrate on the heart.

Ruth ! may our choice be thine to-day,
A choice which points the better way ;
A path which leads us to our Lord,
Emanuel with us.

A path would we but right pursue,
No cypress bough or doleful rue,
But eglantine and myrtle wreaths,
Shall deck the brow of Hope.

IDEM GRÆCÆ REDDITUM.

'ΡΟΥΘ.

Λύρα — μὴ δὴ τίς ἀνεσις σοὶ ἐσται ;
 Αἶν ὑμνεῖς πώποτε ταῖς δὲ χορδαῖς,
 Ὡς φρένας πλήξει πολυαχθείεσσιν
 Ἐθνεος οἰκτροῦ ;

Εἰ δ' ἄρά σ' ἐκρούσε* Θεοῦ τε πείρα,
 Τῇλε συμφώνουσα μελωδίας σᾶς,
 Ἦ ἐ τὰ ἔπεα πτεροῖντα ὤρει
 Δακρύσι σέμνοις.

Χαῖρε 'Ροῦθ — πολλ' ἄλγεα σοὶ ἐνῆσαν,
 Κούρα — σοὶ πένθος πόρε δεῖνα Δαίμων
 Χαῖρε — πῶς στοργὴ ἑρατὴ κράτησε
 Χαλεπότητων.

'Ροῦθ αἰεὶ μὴν τοῦνομα δῆλον εἶη
 (Σοὶ κέν αὐτῷ ἄλλοτρίου γένος πέρ)
 Τοῦδε θέλγοι μνημοσύνη τὰ νεῦρα
 Ἀμφ' ἀδινὸν κῆρ.

'Ροῦθ . . . ἄρ ἡμῖν τύγχανοι ἦδε γνώμη,
 Τῇπερ αὐτῇ — τὰ ἱερὰ Θεὸς δίδωσι, —
 Τῇπερ αὐτῇ — ἡ ὁδὸς εἰς Ἰησοῦν
 Τὸν δ' Ἑμμανουήλ.

Τοῦνεκ' οὖν δὲ τάγαθα πάντα ἡμῖν
 Οὐνεκ' ἄρ δεώμεθα τῶν ἄνωθεν,
 Νῦν γὰρ ἄνθεα ταδ' ἀμαράντα κόσμει
 Ἑλπίδος ὥπα.

* Καὶ τί διοίσε, εἶφη, ἐάν ταύτην κρούσω; ἑτέραν δείξας.—
 Alexander to his music-master.

THOUGHTS ON A CASTAWAY BROOM.

(Hints to a Curate.)

DEEP in thought late out I stroll'd,
And thus I will my tale unfold :
My foot tripped up, I may assume,
And kicked against a broken broom.

I turned it o'er and o'er again,
And mark'd the ground where it had lain,
For cruel time had form'd, alas !
A whiten'd patch upon the grass.

Just in the mood—I almost felt
The many rubs this broom had dealt
On parlour boards or washhouse floors,
Now thrown as useless out of doors.

Sir, said the Broom — which made me start
As if by some mesmeric art, —
You know our lives are short at best,
So hard our work and sorely pressed.

Yet you must see, kind Sir, that we
Great service give, though poor we be,
Nor worldly pride can taint the name,
For rich or poor we work the same.

Differ we do in forms and make,
According as the call we take ;
As luck would have it, I was born
To dust the parlour every morn.

At work the parlour maid so free,
There often nursed me on her knee ;
And read a book, or talked to John,
Nor little cared how time run on.

Alas, how soon my bristles stood! —
When parlour maid one morning would,
In spite of all that broom could say,
Pack up her traps and walk away.

I kicked the floors and carpet too —
And dashed about with much ado —
When John came in and found me broke
From Martha's hard and sudden stroke.

John seem'd to scold, but all the while
How often made his Martha smile!
For seizing hard my brush and all,
Quick let me out of window fall.

Unheard, unseen — in pain I lay —
Until was ended all the fray.
When out comes John and breaks my head,
And whizzing hurl'd me o'er yon shed.

Here quite secluded — left to rot,
I mourn my hapless, wretched lot,
No parlour-maid now cares for me,
Though oft she nursed me on her knee.

Had I but kinder treatment known —
Had Martha no such tempers shown, —
I might e'en now have brush'd the room,
And proved a good and useful broom.

I heard the tale, with many a sigh,
And walked away, and dried my eye;
For pity rose and forced a tear,
As Truth convincing struck my ear.

ORNITHOLOGICAL QUESTIONS.

I.

I WAS a stout and jolly bird,
With powerful beak and bossy rump;
To travel far were quite absurd,—
Could neither fly nor run nor jump.
Tho' quite extinct — I'm thought so rare,
My breast in France is kept entire;
One foot in London rests with care,
One foot and head in Oxfordshire.

II.

THERE is a bird which cannot fly,
Pray tell me now the reason why?
The tarsi short and thick, 'tis plain,
Were formed for digging, I maintain.
With tail that never wagged as yet,
The reason, perhaps, you may forget.
The mandibles are downward bent,
And nostrils at the tip give vent.
Come tell me what the stranger bird,
Its habits—country—send me word.

III.

LIKE foot of a camel, bifid is made,
Callous and naked, the sternum is round;
Most wondrously timid and soon is afraid,
Though like a giant it strides o'er the ground.

It may seem very strange—yet very true—
Its nest will have eggs, some thirty at least,
Monstrous in size and beauteous to view,
And one will afford a mighty great feast.

A delicate fare in ancient esteem;
 And if we believe it, and surely we may,
 Six hundred of brains on one dish, it would
 seem,
 An emperor glutted in Rome's vicious day.
 I will not say where its native abode—
 How swift it can run or speed on its way;
 Or whether by man it was ever yet rode,—
 Quick tell me the bird, nor needs its delay.

WHAT IS THOUGHT?

A THOUGHT comes from thinking? undoubtedly so,—
 For in thinking we paint up "Ideas and Co."—
 Comparing and judging of colours and forms,
 The mind in a trice the process performs.
 Not knowing the mode, we cannot declare
 How colours are blended, what artist lives there;
 Whether eyes or the light doth the object retain,
 Impinging and fixing the thought on the brain;
 And, acting just like the "Camera Obscura,"
 The picture of thought comes *valdè matura*.
 We must leave, then, this question of science
 divine,
 Nor on secrets decide where God draws the line;
 The soul and the intellect doubtless are here,
 Each acting on thought as impressions appear.

MASSACRE AT JAFFA. A. D. 1799 (*)

WHAT ghastly spectres flit yon Syrian shore!
 What thousand wounds spirt out with human
 gore!
 I hear the murderous shriek, I see the spirits rise,
 And call for vengeance in their demon cries:

And Heaven will hear, nor will it hear in vain,
 Nor Gallia e'er wash out the bloody stain;
 Whoe'er her friends, or who her heroes be,
 Jaffa shall mark the spot of—butchery.

Alas! four thousand prisoners murdered lie,—
 Could *these* not plead El Arish* sympathy?
 What false expedients urge the cold debate,
 And who but basest tyrants seal their fate?
 Could human kindred not advance one plea,
 To pity move and let the wretch go free?
 This worse than Punic faith,—this deed shall be
 The foulest blot on war's sad history.

Tyrant, thy proud ambition soon shall fall,
 Nor states nor crowns lie prostrate at thy call:
 Was Acre thine, — Damascus or the East?
 Has false philanthropy thy cause increased?
 Have fierce battalions crushed the Moslem
 power,

Or Jew, all anxious, blessed thy natal hour?
 Shall Austria mourn a new-formed dynasty,
 And circling honours crown such cruelty?

That Providence which eyes both great and small,
 "A hero perish, or a sparrow fall," —
 Shall surely check ere long thy mad career,
 And boasted greatness fade in empty air.
 Thyself a prisoner on some barren rock,
 Prometheus-like, shalt feel the fated shock;
 Nor more shall dreams of martial glory shed
 Her golden rays around thy mortal head.

* "El Arish," a neighbouring town just previously taken, and the garrison of which was allowed to depart on *parole* not to serve again against the French. This was alleged by Napoleon as one reason for this Jaffa massacre. He wished to make it appear, and perhaps true it was, that the Jaffa garrison was partly composed of men released from El Arish.

THE SICKLY LITTLE FLOWER.

I HAD a tiny and a sickly flower,
Which held my sympathy from day to day,
 Its curling petals drooped,
And rested on the ground.

Water I poured, as warned by summer sun,
Gently around its root and fainting leaves,
 And placed congenial mould
To prop its little head.

It soon began to feel the nursing care,
And raised itself and stretched its tender leaves,
 And once again to smile
With bloom of blushing health.

Erect—revived—so pleased it seemed to be,
This humble flower in gratitude returns
 To me the sweetest scent,
When near its bed I stray.

But long had perished—drooping, wan and faint,
Had Sympathy not lent her watchful aid,
 Nor perfumes would have been
In these my evening walks.

It is the same—if we the law could see
Among ourselves—in acts of charity,
 By which we sweeten life
And scent the vale of tears.

For find we always shall—a life well spent,
In recollection, leave a grateful sense,
 Upon the pious heart,
Of duties well performed.

PSALM LI.

Penitential: written by King David after his adultery with Bathsheba and the murder of Uriah her husband. The phantom of the murdered man is supposed to haunt the king.

MERCY! — Mercy! God of Mercy!
Nor deep compassion fails Thee not,
In Thy loving-kindness — pity —
My great transgressions, blot them out.

Depraved by nature — wash me well,
And cleanse me from this awful sin,
For every fault to Thee I'll tell,
E'en *blackened crime* now haunts* within.

O God! I've sinned — confess I must, —
To Thee alone the evil's done;
And, therefore, is Thy sentence just, —
And just the judgment now begun.

When *first* conceived 'mid Nature's strife†,
'Twas *one* transgression shaped my form,
'Twas *sin* that breathed my soul to life,
When trembling atoms first were born.

But Thou, most pure — most just and kind,
In truth wouldst mould the inward part;
So by Thy grace still may I find
Thy wisdom sanctify my heart.

* "Haunts" — English version "ever present:" the Hebrew חַיָּה from חָיָה obstupuit, is like the Greek *θαύμα* both in sound and meaning, frequently, crebro, &c.; and it may be resolved again into *θαῦμα* and *θαυβέω*, thence a wonder, apparition: this, no doubt, is the true meaning.

† Original sin, called also birth-sin.

With hyssop* and atoning blood,
 Oh! purge away this treachery;
 Wash but my heart, thou Fount of Good,
 No drifted snow shall whiter be.

Thus gladness crowned with holy joy,
 Shall cheer this wan and wounded frame;—
 Shall every nerve my soul employ,
 To praise aloud Thy gracious name.

Then look not on this murd'rous scene,
 My great transgressions blot them out!
 A heart create in me that's clean†,
 And thoughts of mind too pure to doubt.

And let no cloud of anger hide
 The cheering light Thy presence brings;
 Take not away that holy guide—
 The Spirit—source of heavenly things!

* "With hyssop."—This has reference to the ceremonial law. See Exod. xii. 22.

"Ye shall take a bunch of hyssop and dip it in the blood," &c.

"Purge me with hyssop, and I shall be clean"—our translation; but in the Hebrew the word *purge* has a wider and stronger meaning: it comes from *אָפַת* *aberravit à scopo*—*peccavit in gressu*—*offendit*—to take a wrong aim to miss the mark—to turn from the straightforward way of God's law. In the third conjugation which is here used, it means *à peccato purgavit*—*expiavit*—*piaculo redemit*, seu *à reatu liberum pronuntiavit*,—to purify, to cleanse—to make amends—to atone. Levit. xxix. 16. So Ezek. lxiii. 20. 22.; Levit. viii. 15.; 2 Chron. xxix. 24.

† In connexion with the above, I may notice the word "clean" (verse 8.) used in the same expiatory sense—*קָדַשׁ* and "*I shall be clean*"—see Levit. xiv. 53., where we have the *same word*, "*shall make atonement for the house, and it shall be clean.*"

From this root is probably derived, in cognate Persian, *attar* (of roses), a sweet scent—a purifier, &c.?

Thy Salvation ! dearest thought !
Restore to me — nor long delay,—
Sweet feelings give with rapture fraught,
That may uphold my devious way.

Then will I teach Thy righteous will —
Then warn transgressors of Thy law ;
Sinners convert, and cause them still
To bend to Thee with trembling awe.

From guilt of blood deliver me,
Thou God of innocence and love —
So cleansed, I'll sing in harmony
With such as tune their harps above.

But open Thou my lips !—my voice
Shall loud resound the sacred lay ;
For sacrifice is not Thy choice,
Which can alone *full* homage pay.

A broken spirit ! contrite heart !
This — this, indeed — shall grateful rise ;
This sacrifice — the better part —
Is what my God will not despise.


Do *Thou but shine !* — *On Sion smile* —
Build up her walls ; her foes to spurn ;
Sweet incense pure shall scent the aisle,
And holy fire on altars burn.

JONAH.

For Tarshish bound, yon ship, with labouring oars,
'Midst storm and tempest, plies for friendly shores;
But all in vain. The God of heaven denies,
Whose frowning anger shakes the blackening
skies.

The sailors fearful, frighten'd to the soul,
As o'er the decks the raging billows roll,
Would deprecate by prayer and bitter cry
The vengeance of offended Deity.

"This more than mortal—this some crime portends,
And this the judgment which the guilt attends.
And perish all!" they cry, "unless we know
The wretch who dares defy the fatal blow.
Come, cast the lot, and let the God decide,
And by his judgment let the guilt abide.
Awake, thou sleeper!" for there's one can sleep,
Howl though the winds and foam the hoary deep.
Secure in Him who made both sea and wind,
He gave to rest an anxious, brooding mind;
Full well he knew, though he had dared offend,
Jehovah would fulfil His purposed end;
Full well he knew the lot on him must fall,
And thus the awful truth proclaim to all.
But still the sailors fear of life to take,
And strain the more, and great exertion make.
But what avails the utmost powers of man,
Or all the means his puny mind can plan,
When God omnipotent commands the storm,
And bids the mountain-wave His will perform!
The deed is done! the winds and waves are still,
And trembling sailors promised vows fulfil.



THE GREAT TELESCOPE.

You've heard, I presume, of Rosse's * great wonder,
 The telescope made with such exquisite skill ;
 Huge and pond'rously framed, and mighty its power,
 Yet it fails, I'm told, to accomplish his will.

I've heard of another so tiny and clear,
 With a speculum molten, nor polish'd with hands ;
 It expands and contracts with greatest of ease ;
 Beholds at one view the remotest of lands.

And strange it may seem, but it opens to sight
 A myriad of objects which rise at its call ;
 Discovers new worlds no science could find ;
 The people — their habits — the climate, and all.

Direct now the object-glass upward to heaven,
 You will see there a world of infinite space ;
 The people all happy and holy and pure
 The climate so lovely, is softened by Grace.

* The casting of the speculum took place April, 1843 ; the metal was 6 feet in diameter, $5\frac{1}{4}$ inches thick at the edges, and 5 inches at the centre. Weight, about 3 tons ; composition, copper and tin ; the copper cost 100*l*. By grinding and polishing, its thickness was reduced to $\frac{1}{8}$ th or $\frac{1}{10}$ th of an inch. Telescope, 50 feet, focal length. The speculum has a reflecting surface of 4071 square inches, while that of Herschel's, 40 feet focal telescope, had only 181, square inches ; so that the quantity of light reflected will be more than double that of Herschel's. Herschel's telescope magnified 6000 times : $\therefore \frac{240,000}{6000} = 40$ bringing the moon within 40 miles of us, but could not be used for want of more light.

It shows us a region where clouds never roll,
A splendour surpassing all words to express ;
'Tis there where the "Sun of our Righteousness"
shines,
Where kindred and nations that Name shall
confess.

It points to a cross, and a Lamb by its side,
The Standard of Heaven and glory of worlds ;
Illumined and spangled with mercy and grace,
And sparkling with gems as the standard unfurls.

But graduate now, and the focus arrange,
You'll see there's a way conspicuous and clear ;
By the which you and I may reach, if we please,
This kingdom of glory, and free from all fear.

Your telescope move from these glories above,
On objects terrestrial, 'twill act just the same ;
Successively lead you through ages of time,
And convince you of facts recorded by name.

But to trespass not here on History's page,
Or seek out the planets long gone to their rest ;
Nor looking still on to the future, await
What Providence orders to man for the best.

Do but turn down your glass, and trembling
explore
A region of horrors — of anguish and pain ; —
A region of monsters — of tempests and strife,
A region of furies where devils all reign.

Too horrid — I tremble, I shudder to look ;
The glass but too faithfully pictures the scene ;
The figures, the faces, the glare of that hell,
The writhings and tortures of spirits unseen.

Behold ! mark well the road which leads to this
place,
How broad is the way, and how pleasing to
sense ;
By the glass see I clearly thousands that throng,
With legions of pleasures—the rear of defence.

There are flow'rs which to look at, appear very
fine,
For, gilded with tinsel, they fade at the touch ;
Fruits most delicious hang invitingly down,
But, if tasted, you die—the poison is such.

There 's music, and dancing, and many a song,
And Bacchus carousing at every turn ;
There are murders, and thefts, and other such
crimes,
Deception, and hatred, and selfish concern.

The picture I cannot now further disclose ;
On so filthy a scene no more can I dwell ;
As the fiends and the imps come seeking the
prey,
And seize the poor wretch consigned to this Hell.

Know, this Telescope, then, so wondrously made,
By hands of an Architect greater than man,
Is the eye-glass of Faith the Christian holds
dear ;
Possess it, my friends, as you easily can.

You will find it through life the safest of guides,
And in darkness or doubts your road cannot
miss ;
If tempter should tempt, 'twill show you his wiles,
And finally land you in regions of bliss.

GENESIS, ii. 4.(*)

AMONG some of the learned, this verse, indeed chapter, has given rise to the following idea,—that a second creation is here referred to, one distinct from the first, than which, however, nothing can be more at variance with the simple design of the sacred historian: it may and ought to be considered a supplementary chapter, than which nothing is more common among the sacred writers; and could this truth be held more in view, much confusion and uncertainty would be avoided, especially in reading the prophets, whose parabolic style of writing is not always so clear and connected as the historic, but often leaves the true sense to be discovered in the supplementary sections.

Verse 7.—This verse is explanatory, and shows us from what, and in what manner, man became a *living soul*, and how different to the life of other animals, being animated and sanctified by the heavenly breath of the Jehovah Elohim: “And the Lord God formed man of the dust of the ground, and breathed into *his* nostrils the *breath of life*; and *man* became a living soul.”—See ch. i. ver. 24.

In verse 19. we read, “and out of the ground the Lord God formed every beast of the field, and every fowl of the air; and brought them unto Adam to see what he would call them: and whatsoever Adam called every living creature, that was the name thereof.” But here no allusion is made to God’s *breathing* into them “the breath of life;” his *word* or *fiat* at once called them into existence.

What a lovely and honoured being man must have been in this state of primeval innocence! Pure and exalted in soul and in sentiment, he could not but breathe expressions of love, and admiration, and gratitude; no cares, no alloy of evil, to ruffle the temper or cloud the mind, his hours in Paradise must have been one delightful round of exquisite bliss, and of which our corrupt and fallen natures can form not even the most remote conception.

In participio exstat חַי *vigetus*, *cujus plur. fœm.* חַיִּים *vividæ, vigetæ*, *Exod. i. 19.* *clarissima sunt exempla hujus verbi* חַיָּה. In *tertia conjug. dicta Pihhel*, exstant in variis temporibus, e. g. in infinitivo, exstat חַיֵּית in vitâ conservare, to preserve, to keep alive, *Gen. vii. 3.*; et וְחַיֵּית et vivos conservare, and to save alive, *Ezek. iii. 18, 19.* Sic לְחַיֵּיתוֹ ad vitam ejus conservandam, to save his life; et לְחַיֵּיתוֹם ad vivos eos conservandos, to let them live, to preserve them alive; *Josh. ix. 5., Psalm. xxxiii. 19.* Etiam *Deut. vi. 24.* לְחַיֵּיתֵנוּ ad nos conservandos, that he might preserve us alive.

Imperativus hujus conjug. decies fere occurrit in *Psalm. cxix. 25. 27.* חַיֵּינִי *vivifica me, quicken thou me: vid. etiam v. 40. 88. 107. 149.*; *Gen. xx. 7.*; *Prov. iv. 4., vii. 2.* Sic apud *Hab. iii. 2.* חַיֵּהוּ *vivifica ipsum, revive him.* Sic in participio חַיֵּה in vitâ conservans, and preserveth, maketh alive, *1 Sam. ii. 6.* Sic *Nehem. ix. 6.* חַיֵּה *vivificans, (prop.) coagmentans, in statu suo vigeto ac valido conservans, Thou preservest in a compact state the heavens and the earth.*

Deut. xxx. 19, 20. — In verse 19., we read, "that both thou and thy seed may live." Without the Pihhel form. In verse 20., "for He is thy life and the length of thy days:" here is the Pihhel form, and a distinction made between the present life and that which is to come. In the former part of the 19th verse, we have the Pihhel form, *life and death*. Ps. lxxxix. 18.; Ps. lxxxvii. 3.; and Job, xxxiii. 4. are Pihhel forms and remarkable cases. Job. xxxiv. 14. From this it would appear the spiritualised body goes to God. Job, xxxiii. 18. and 28., "his life shall see life," and 20., and departing life desireth spiritual food, and hungers on the confines of the grave for the bread of heaven. Gen. vii. 3., Ezek. xvi. 6., *no Pihhel, live, present life*. Ezek. xviii. 27., Pihhel, xxxvii. 3. Pihhel (5th verse) where Adon speaks is not the Pihhel, because it alludes only to the political re-establishment of the Jews as a nation. The prophet is desired to prophecy to the winds (9th verse), showing the temporal or earthly nature of the revival; and God does not say, "*I will*," &c. but only, "*I will cause*," &c. ~ Ezek. xlvii. 9. (Pihhel), because they actually drank of the waters of salvation.

GEN. ii. 8.

"And the Lord God planted a garden eastward in Eden, and there he put the man whom he had formed. And out of the ground made the Lord God to grow every tree that is pleasant to the sight, and good for food; the tree of life also in the

midst of the garden, and the tree of knowledge of good and evil."

"And the Lord God commanded the man, saying, Of every tree of the garden thou mayest freely eat: but of the tree of the knowledge of good and evil, thou shalt not eat of it: for in the day that thou eatest thereof thou shalt surely die."

From this it is quite clear that the tree of life might be eaten of *when discovered*, for it appears to have been placed in the "midst" of the garden, and would surely have yielded its beneficial effects in due time, had man continued in dutiful obedience to the Divine command. This tree of life does not appear to have *been made known* to Adam and Eve, like the tree of the knowledge of good and evil; and this would seem to be confirmed by ch. iii. 3. Moreover, it is to be observed, *both* trees were placed in the "*midst*," that the one should not unnecessarily tempt, or be reached, through its beauty; the other, the tree of life, that it should not be carelessly or irreverently or undeservedly plucked. The access to each is difficult.

Our first parents were evidently placed in their state of innocence in a state of probation. "Do this, and eat of the tree of life, and live for *ever*." "Eat of the tree of the knowledge of good and evil, and thou shalt surely die."

I may here again observe עֵץ חַיִּים, "Tree of Life" — has the same Pihhel form, as we observed before, as in verse 7.; hence we conclude both refer to *eternal* life. See Dan. xii.

The concluding verse of this 2nd. chap. relates to the creation of woman.

In the Hebrew language the word is simply אִשָּׁה, the fem. form of אָדָם man.

On this word man, or rather אָדָם , I may pen a derivation. I consider it comes from אָד , a noun signifying solidity: "sive solidam rei essentiam," from אָדָה , solidus fuit; and, by adding the he-mantic ם , we get אָדָם , a substance, a something solid and substantial—man as contradistinguished from the dust.

Woman seems to have been formed after Adam had taken possession of the world, and after he had been placed in Eden, and even, it would appear, after the Divine command was given not to eat of the *Tree of Knowledge of Good and Evil*; we may therefore naturally infer, that man had indisputed authority given him alone by his God and Maker, and that woman consequently must have derived all her authority from her husband, and also that the man may be considered as having communicated to his wife the Divine command of obedience.

The woman was taken from man, and it was that *same man* that gave her an honourable name and her just position with respect to himself. Man acknowledged woman to be part of himself, and he received her from the hands of her Maker, pure and unsullied as every wife should be, and thereby for *ever* sanctioning the *union and oneness* of man and wife, and freely granting all the honours and privileges to the woman implied in the comprehensive term אָדָם :

"Without the smile from partial beauty won
Ah! what were man?—a world without a sun:
The world was sad, the garden was a wild,
And man the hermit sighed till woman smiled."

CAMPBELL.

Pihhel forms.—Exemplum manifestum *roṽ* Pihhel, in voce מִלֵּא (מִלֵּא implevit): וּמִלֵּאתָ אֶת יָדָם: יְקַדְּשֶׁתָּ אוֹתָם וְכִהְיֵי לִי לְכֹהֲנִים, Exod. xxviii. 31. Et implebis manus eorum et consecrabis eos, ut sacerdotio *diligenter* fungerentur mihi. And consecrate them and sanctify them that they may minister unto me FAITHFULLY, with attention and diligence in the priest's office. Exod. xxviii. 41. sequente יְקַדְּשֶׁתָּ, metaphorice dicitur מִלֵּא de consecratione ad sacerdotium, quia inaugurandorum manus certis sacrificiorum partibus implebantur; or hence metaphorically to consecrate to the priest's office, whereby certain parts of the sacrifice were put into the hands of the priests at their consecration.

Hinc מִזְבֵּחַ et מִזְבֵּחַ sacrificium, victima pro peccato, expiatio, sacrificium expiatorum, a sin-offering, a victim on which the sin was put, an expiatory sacrifice, Exod. xxix. 14. LXX. interpretes reddidere ἀμαρτία γὰρ ἔστιν. Sic Apostolus dicet de Christo: Eum qui non noverat peccatum, ὑπὲρ ἡμῶν ἀμαρτίαν ἐποίησαν, pro nobis peccatum, i. e. sacrificium piaculare, fecit 2 Cor. v. 21. Apostolus etiam מִזְבֵּחַ victimam piaculari, Psalm xl. 7. per ἀμαρτία, post LXX., Heb. x. 6. reddidit. Vide etiam Levit. iv. 21. 24.; Ezek. xl. 39., xlv. 13.

Reverendus Parkhurst graviter errat in suo Lexico, contra analogiam linguæ Hebrææ quum affirmet מִזְבֵּחַ in Kal. and Hiph. significare to offer for a sin-offering, to expiate, to cleanse or to purify by a sin-offering.

In Kal. מִזְבֵּחַ significat aberrare a scopo, peccare, to sin.

In Hiph. מִזְבֵּחַ peccare fecit, ad peccandum induxit, to make to sin.

Verses 19, 20.—What a beautiful picture is presented us of the power of innocence; of the love and harmony and simplicity of this holy life; God himself conversing with man, one of his creatures, and he, the man, the head and chief of this *creation*! Here the Creator condescends to acknowledge man's authority, by bringing each creature he had made to Adam for a name. What the wisdom of the man! when each name is found an appellative characteristic of the qualities of each creature.

Verse 25.—“And they were both naked, the man and the woman, and were not ashamed.”

Here is proof of innocence and purity. As yet they had not disobeyed the Divine command, and eaten of the “tree of knowledge of good and evil;” they knew no evil, but were pure, and holy, and good; they knew not the term “good,” because no opposite “evil” existed to define it; all was *oneness* of thought and sentiment, influenced by, and directed to, the great and beneficent Author of their being.

The *sense of shame* springs from a self-conviction of innate evil. But the force and beauty and simplicity of innocence breathes peace within and without, and needs no covering or ornament or worldly tinsel to recommend itself, or to plead its protection from injury,—from the bursting violence of contaminating, vicious, or calumniating man. Virtue ever seeks its own good, and ever finds its own reward.

18. “And the Lord God said, It is not meet that the man should be alone; I will make him an help meet for him.”

There are two words in this verse to be observed, עֵזֶר כְּנָדוֹ, "help, meet." They literally mean "*Help, or strength, or support,*" like, "*as it were, before him,*" it implies no degree of servility or inferiority; yet it enforces on that help-meet a duty of ready obedience, watchful, affectionate attention, the willing and anxious anticipation of the wants and wishes of the husband. "Like one before him," ready to obey and execute his lawful commands, and at the same time the "help," the strength, the support, the advice, in time of need, and the constant companion and friend, the *sine qua non* of domestic happiness and virtuous life.

Without woman, lovely woman! chaste, and pure, and holy as she came from the hands of her Maker, even Paradise, indeed, would have been a wild, and if Eden, *à fortiori*, the *fallen world*, a void and howling wilderness.

In a rose-scented bower gracefully laid,
Beautiful woman was wondrously made;
The Architect too nor failed in His will,
Moulding and shaping with exquisite skill;
A rose hanging down gave blush to her face,
And angels, admiring, chaplets of grace;
When Jehovah the Lord breathed in the life,
And woman first-lived to Adam was wife.

GEN. iii. (1)

ADAM and Eve having eaten of the fruit of the tree, they knew "*good and evil:*" it was then for the first time they were *naked*, and they sewed fig-leaves together and made themselves aprons or coverings. Then follow the awful consequences of evil. The man and woman feel afraid, and hide

themselves from the presence of the Lord God. "And the Lord God called unto Adam, and said unto him, Where art thou? And he said, I heard *Thy voice* in the garden, and I was *afraid*, because I was *naked*; and I *hid myself*."

"Be sure thy sin will find thee out" is spoken elsewhere by the same sacred historian; and true enough the truth of it appears in this case. "I was afraid, because I was naked." Adam did not confess his disobedience—his sin,—but tried to hide its consequences from God, who, however, cannot be deceived. And such we find now to be too much the character of fallen nature: it is unwilling to confess or see its faults; but error is ever ready, if possible, to conceal the pangs of conscience; and even when appealed to, as it were, by a voice from heaven, it would gloss over misdeeds, and try to find some subterfuge of excuse or palliation: "I was afraid, because I was naked." The man, we find, lays the blame on the woman. "The woman whom thou gavest to be with me, she gave me of the tree, and I did eat." The woman, when appealed to, lays the blame on the serpent. "The *serpent* beguiled me, and I did eat;" and so we blame each other, or find an excuse for transgression in something or other.

How much better to confess "God be merciful to me a sinner." If we would obtain earthly or heavenly wisdom, let us first ask permission of God to pluck its fruits; for wisdom, like other riches unlawfully gotten, only tends ultimately to the ruin and misery of the possessor. Wisdom must be sanctified by Heaven, and then, indeed, "Happy is the man that findeth wisdom, and the man that getteth understanding. Length of days is in her right hand; and in her left hand riches and

honour. Her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace. She is a 'Tree of Life' to them that lay hold upon her: and happy is every one that retaineth her."—Prov. iii. 13. 16, 17, 18.

EXOD. xx.

WHAT a beautiful and comprehensive range of mind!—what harmony pervades the whole of these Ten Commandments. From the beginning to the end, we have one connected link of heaven-born thought and sentiment; a dependent chain of fixed principles; a simple yet all-sufficient machinery by which the whole of man's religious and moral duties may be regulated. Like an electric clock, set in motion by the Spirit of God, aloof from earthly contamination, it moves by unseen impulse, and ever in continued and certain round points the revolving obligations of man to God and to his fellow-creatures. These Commandments also come home to our eyes and minds with the highest sanction and authority, even to the very letter: "God spake *all* these words." They are described as written by the finger of God on two tables of stone.

1st Table lays down our duty to God.

2nd Table lays down our duty to man.

This God is particularised as "*Jehovah*," the Lord God—"Jehovah, thy God," which distinction is made no less than five times in this chapter, showing most clearly that the wish and object of the sacred writer was to impress upon the mind of the people the importance of a clear knowledge of the *true* God as contradistinguished from the "Elohim"—gods of the heathen; for we read the same Hebrew word for heathen or false gods, as for the

true God, אֱלֹהִים, — here we have an addendum "*Jehovah*," which may be considered as the "differentia," as the former the "genus." . . .

Jehovah is a *new name* (see Exod. vi. 3.). "I appeared unto Abraham, unto Isaac, and to Jacob, by the name of God ALMIGHTY, by my name '*Jehovah*' was I not known to them." A *new name* by which the deity will be worshipped, is promised under a new and better covenant; Isaiah lxii. 2., lxx. 15. "And thou shalt be called by a *new name*, which the mouth of '*Jehovah*' shall name."

"And ye shall leave your name for a curse unto my chosen, for the *Lord God* (Adon Jehovah) shall slay thee, and call His servants by another name."

This new name, under the *New Covenant* (though I am digressing), is alluded to in Rev. iii. 12., and most singularly in Isaiah's Lord God, in the Hebrew, is אֲדֹנָי יְהוָה; see ch. lxx. 13. 15. &c. "Adon Jehovah,"—"my Lord Jehovah," referring to his temporal power and nature, as well as godlike. Adon was a title applied to the great and powerful among men in olden days, much the same as we now use the expression "my lord" to a nobleman; hence we see it implied that this Adon Jehovah, who is foretold the God of the New Covenant, is to be worshipped as God, possessing human nature, and the respect due to earthly elevation—in fine, the *Man-God*.

This interesting investigation might be greatly elucidated, but here it would be out of place. In Numb. xi. 28., we have this appellation given by Joshua to Moses, "My lord Moses, forbid them;" here we have the very word for my lord, אֲדֹנָי.

Under the *Mosaical dispensation*, we have

brought to our notice, by Divine revelation, "Jehovah the God," and which Moses tells us, in his expressive mode of writing, is the same who appeared in the work of creation, and who conversed with our First Parents, though then not made known by *that name*. We find indeed, יהוה and annexed to אֱלֹהִים; but this was done by Moses, to explain the *true God*, and one who had existed from *all eternity*.

These last few remarks may be considered only as prefatory of the *grand principle* and leading duty—"the worship and knowledge of the true and only God," and without which knowledge of the true nature and attributes of Deity, man can never attain to a right notion of **MORAL** duties apart from **RELIGIOUS** obligations; so much and intimately do these depend upon and flow **FROM** those of the other.

I. "Thou shalt have none other gods before me."

This translation "other gods," though not critically correct, conveys the general meaning. אֱלֹהִים אֲחֵרִים would seem, however, to imply somewhat more, "private gods," — "secret gods"—supernumerary gods, not destroying altogether the worship of the true God, but as conveying that worship through an indirect method—"through false media;"—secondary gods—the objects of sense—those tarnishing and diminishing the direct and simple splendour of Divine worship to the true God—a Spirit.

"Before me," means "upon," "over," or before (supply) my presence or glory as it were, this indirect and treacherous worship

casts a cloud over my bright and unsullied countenance.

This First Commandment also goes further than to prohibit the worship of the "Deos alienos," or the gods of other nations: nay, it not only takes away the specious and apparently plausible pretence of worshipping deity under an object of sense, but it reaches even the "thoughts and desires,"—it puts a bridle on these: the word פסל signifies "post," and here made an adjective plural to agree with 'Elohim,' and we infer hence, secret and hidden gods—gods of the thoughts and passions—gods of the heart. And how many are there not of such?

This cannot be too much dwelt upon; for the passions of man left unsubdued and ill-regulated, actions will soon run riot and a thousand modes of false worship arise, when the worship of the creature will be embraced to the total exclusion of the *Creator*.

In Deut. vi. 14., we have the precise Hebrew expression here alluded to, applied to the Deos alienos.

In Jeremiah vii. 9. (*see* whole chapter), we have the same expression referring also to the transgressions of the heart.

- II. After this *First* Commandment—the truth of which, though conveyed by implication, is made positive by the declaration of the first verse of the chapter—God, in this Second Commandment, enlarges and pronounces His will with regard to the worship due to Him as *Jehovah*, which we find to be a *direct* and *undivided* worship, to the

utter exclusion of ANY resemblance *graven image*, even of *whatsoever* likeness (for the Hebrew word is לֹא ALL) there is the heavens above or on the earth beneath or in the waters below (or bounded by the earth. Thou shalt not bow down to them in worship, and thou shalt not serve them (with offering or sacrifices). Because I am "*Jehovah* thy God," a jealous God, visiting the iniquity of the father upon the children, to the third and fourth generation, on such as hate me.

"On such as hate me"—this is a better translation; for our common version does not mean to convey the idea of an *arbitrary and indiscriminate* judgment upon the third and fourth generation, but only on those children who continue in sin. The sense of this passage is too frequently misunderstood, לֹא־שָׂנֵא being a kind of *saving clause*, the ל marking the exception and contrast, and applying by its collocation to the children. Here we cannot but acknowledge the great *mercy* and justice of God—just in punishing sin in those who wilfully continue in sin, and merciful in limiting that justice to the third and fourth generation—when, in the natural course of things, the transgression of the offender might offer probably the plea of the *sin of ignorance*; or when God would cease to correct them, as children of His covenanted mercies. The word *visiting* is HERE used for *visiting in correction*, פָּקַד.

Merciful and just also is the law in not punishing those children WITHIN "the

third and fourth generation," who love Jehovah, but abundantly showing mercy to a thousand generations (unlimited term) to those who love Him and keep his commandments. "The soul *that sinneth* it shall die."

We can scarcely conceive it possible for the human intellect to become so debased as to worship a mere creature of wood and stone, *propter se*; but that in all, even among the most idolatrous nations, and among the grossest ignorance, these creature images were made the media of worshipping some great invisible beings of good or evil.

Aaron's calf and Jeroboam's were of this kind—a sensual medium of worshipping the True God. אֱלֹהִים.

The idea of a calf was no doubt borrowed from the Egyptian Isis, concerning whose origin and deification we read in Lucian, *τὴν δὲ Ἰὼ διὰ τοῦ πελάγους εἰς τὴν Αἴγυπτον ἀπαγάγων Ἴσιν ποιήσιν, &c.* This Ἰὼ was daughter of one Inachus, and was turned, according to the fable, into a calf, through the jealousy of Juno, and is reported to have been carried into Egypt by the will of Jupiter, the god of heaven; and thus we may understand why she was worshipped by the Jews—from their bondage and debasing slavery in Egypt, and as a consequence of long association with idolatry.

In this same 20th chapter of Exodus, we should read, "Ye shall not make *me* (not "with me") such a strange being as a god of silver; neither shall ye make to yourselves

a god of gold,—here evidently implying, *through which to worship me*. Again, in Isaiah xlv. 5., “To whom will ye liken me, and *make me equal*, and *compare me*, that we may *be like*?”

Jeroboam's calves, we read, were made of gold, and he said to the people, “It is too much for you to go up to Jerusalem: behold thy gods, O Israel, which brought thee up *out of the land of Egypt*,” 1 Kings xii. 28., the same appeal to gratitude as given in Exod. xx.: also we find verse 32. of 1 Kings xii. that the same feasts were kept as in Jerusalem, and the same ceremonies, or very similar ones.

Moreover, we find in this passage these calves called, אֱלֹהִים, Gods;—the same generic term as applied in the first ages of to world the *Jehovah*.

Indeed, the common use of this word for Gods is not only a strong presumptive proof of the intentions of such false worshippers, but also, one would suppose from its universality, a sufficient evidence of the *primary* existence of an Elohim Jehovah or True God, of which these secondary and ignorant applications were clearly but corruptions and indistinct conceptions.

- III. We now pass by an easy transition from the Second to the Third Commandment, as closely and intimately connected: the last Commandment forbade the use of image-gods; this Third forbids the use of God's name:—

1. As applied in worship before these false images.
2. As applied in any careless or irreverent manner whatever.

The verb "take" is נָשָׂא to bear. — See, for meaning of this verb, Hosea xii., Isaiah liii. 4. 12. So we have this verb used with respect to the scapegoat who **BORE** the sins of the people, and Levit. xvi. 22. In Numb. vi. 26., "Jehovah **LIFT** up his countenance upon," &c.; so in Exod. xxiii. 1., "Thou shalt not **RAISE** a false report:" in all which passages we have the same verb.

In this Third Commandment, our translators have rendered it "take," but it may be more significantly and forcibly translated, "Thou shalt not **USE** nor **APPROPRIATE** nor lift up this *remarkable* name of Jehovah to *vanity* or *falsity*, for Jehovah will not hold him *by any means* (Pihhel) guiltless who thus **USES** or **APPROPRIATES** or **LIFTS UP** this name to vanity." And this may happen when praying to, or worshipping, a graven image in the *name of Jehovah*; and also it may occur in a more general sense, as using that name in a careless or irreverent manner, in perjury, in rash swearing, in levity, &c.

- IV. **Renews and confirms the observance of the seventh day for the rest of man and beast, and for the worship of Jehovah, and gives the prime reasons why Jehovah blessed and sanctified that day above all others. The Hebrew is particularly expressive under the Pihhel form: "Remember that **REMARKABLE****

day, the seventh, to keep it STRICTLY holy." Moses used the past tense, "blessed and sanctified," showing that that day had been previously sanctified and set apart for worship and rest, and, *as such*, no doubt, had been observed in the earlier ages of of the world.

What is remarkable, one day in seven has been observed, more or less, in *all countries* and by all *people*, as a day of rest, and holy; and which universal coincidence in the division of time into days, and the peculiar observation of *one day* in seven, could not possibly have arisen from *mere chance*, or from the mere mutual consent of nations *inter se*; and therefore, apart from positive proof, we may infer that this peculiar institution of the sabbath to have been of *Divine appointment*. This consideration may also lead to a more *probable* conclusion, that we all descended from *one stock* — with constitutions, and habits, and feelings, and interests, more or less needing the same rest, and as obliged to the same duties to one Common Father — the first *Great Cause* of our Being and Existence.

- V. The proper worship of Jehovah having been explained and enforced, and the observance of the sabbath renewed and confirmed; from the honour due to our Heavenly Father, we proceed to the duty due to our earthly parents. Here we again commence to notice *strong* and intensive injunction (Pihhel form), "Honour *most* RESPECTFULLY thy father and thy mother," &c.

The promise of the *reward of such obedience follows*, which, viewed in its various bearings will be found the *natural consequence* of such dutiful conduct: thus we find that this and the five following Commandments are founded on the "light or law of nature," and called *moral*.

VI. *Murder*.—The first crime of man against man recorded in Scripture, and calling for the highest penalty of moral laws—"life for life."

"Whoso sheddeth man's blood," &c.
(Cain and Abel.)

VII. *Adultery*.—Next in degree to *murder*, and frequently ending in murder, and inflicting the greatest misery and wretchedness on individuals and society.—(David and Bathsheba.)

VIII. *Theft*.—Here we have in succession theft—a transition from the stealing one's affections and happiness to the stealing of one's temporal goods, &c.

IX. *Perjury*.—How often does this crime attend the preceding, to justify, or excuse, or palliate, murder, adultery, theft!

X. *Covetousness*.—And how often do we find this crime seated in the heart and passions, stirring up to deeds of *murder, adultery, theft, perjury!*

If we proceed a little further in our reasoning, we shall find this *lust sin* extend from one end of

the Commandments to the other, as it were a corroding and decaying canker ; since it may tend to rob God of His honour and dignity ; it may make to itself gods of silver and gold ; often, alas ! take the name of God in vain ; break the Sabbath, and burst all the ties of filial affection and all the bands of civil society.

DE LINGUÆ HEBRÆÆ STUDIO.

LONGÈ optimum est, dare operam linguæ Hebrææ in ætate primâ : tum enim memoria majoris capax exercitationis et verborum tenacissima.

Hujusce verò studii dilatio maximo fit damno juvenibus ; atque hic, si alibi usquam, experientia rerum magistra, responsum dedit sanctius, et multo certâ ratione magis, quam Pythia, "*In teneris consuescere multum est.*"

Quid tandem nocebit, si omnes discipuli, qui sacris fungi destinantur, Hebræis literis, in eodem ipso curriculo, quo in Latinas et Græcas in Academia solent incumbere, grata subindè vice assiderent ? In publica certè commoda nihil peccabunt, si primoribus labris gustarent genus hoc studii, et extremis, ut dicitur digitis attingerent, antequam philosophiæ spatia, ne dicam, in theologiæ sædem, introire ausint.

Difficultas quæ linguis orientalibus inesse visa est, multos ab harum studio deterruit ; res vero longè faciliior est quam credi posset, *modò voluntas adsit*, et tempestiva diligentia adhibeatur. Linguam Hebr. Græcâ aut Latinâ faciliorem, præsertim si idoneus et peritus præceptor adfuerit, eruditi agnoscunt.

Qui revera *textum* ipsum originalem intelligit, cum sacerdotibus in sanctuarium admissus, omnium quæ in penetralibus aguntur, ipse quidem adsistat testis et arbiter. Illi autem qui solis *versionibus* sunt contenti, velut incerti in mare in-

certo aliorum manibus suæ gubernaculum mentis credula simplicitate tradunt.

Hoc omninò illud est præcipuè in cognitione theologiæ salubre ac frugiferum, sacræ vos Scripturæ verum sensum intueri, eruere atque expromere posse; quod quidem fieri nequit, nisi vos pro se quisque Hebræam linguam probè calleatis. *Cane* igitur pejus et *angui* vitanda est culpa eorum, qui hancce disciplinam temerè contemnunt ac damnant, quod non intelligunt.

Nunc verò omnia vos ad sacrarum literarum studia et monent et cohortantur: Si equidem sancti ministerii candidati estis. Domini nostri mandatum nôstis — “Ἐρεῦναι τὰς γραφάς” — ‘*perscrutamini scripturas.*’ Ipsi sunt fontes, qui proprium ac suum saporem habent, cum nullis indè deductis rivulis communicandum.

Hoc demùm faciendo eritis eruditi, regni cœlestis res edocti, similes homini patrifamilias, qui ex promptuario suo et recentia depromit et cetera.

Porro autem, vivus Dei sermo erit in vobis veræ sapientiæ salubrisque doctrinæ fons perennis; dum alii, hisce sacris literis neglectis, cruda sua studia in suggestum propellunt, aures inertium bibulas lepidò susurro permulcere student, et fugatâ verâ eruditione, omni nisu tristitia revocare sæcula tentant. Hoc quidem ab istis non multum abludit imago, “*sunt inopes rerum nugæque canoræ.*”

Ad summam, *Vos* exemplum magni illius Regis Isrælitici sequamini qui leges Dei, tum legendo, tum alta mente revolvendo, antiquioribus et doctioribus evaserat. Ita profectò ad varia in Ecclesiâ munia capessenda instructi et parati accedetis; ita demùm et vobis honori et amicis utilitate, et reipublicæ emolumento esse poteritis.

Sic Deus, Pater Luminum, conatibus nostris annuat, suoque spiritu nos imbuat, ut necessariis literarum adminiculis, quæ sua propria benignitas largitur, Revelationis suæ sanctissimæ *mysterium* *faustè ac feliciter omnes enunciemus.*

DYING CHILD TO ITS MOTHER.

DEAR mother, dear mother, I feel very cold,—
Will God make me warm, like the lambs in the
fold ?

Look, angels are smiling and ask me to pray,
Shall I live with them, dear, when I go away ?

Dear mother, dear mother, see yon little star,
How I think I should like to be twinkling there ;
I would shine on you, mother, and give you my
light,
Would peep in your window, and wish you good-
night.

Dear mother, dear mother, I am going to die,
God tells me, dear mother, to wish you good-bye ;
Kiss me, dear mother, and, when I am gone,
Of poor Annie think, in the churchyard alone.

Come often, dear mother, to my darksome bed,
Nor forget little Annie when she is dead ;
I will sleep soundly there, and dream of you too,
And a kiss will I keep, dear mother, for you.

But bring me the rose-tree you gave me last year,
Some daisies and wall-flowers plant prettily there ;
I can look at those flowers, though cold I may be,
And breathe their sweet scents as they sigh over me.

So softly to sleep went the dear little child,
All the sweetness of love on her countenance
smiled ;
Nor struggle nor pain moved the delicate frame,
Death calmly possessing still left her the same.

EXTRACTS
FROM THE
ESSAY ON THE PROBABLE AUTHOR
OF
THE BOOK OF JOB.

"THE Book of Job," says Mr. Pope, (Odyssey, book xvi. last note) "with regard both to sublimity of thought and morality, exceeds beyond comparison the most noble part of Homer. It also evidences the author to have been a man that knew well to suit his ornament to the occasion, and we find he seldom employs a figurative style where the incident or passion is capable of supporting itself, and reserves the boldest images and illustrations for more urgent cases." It is a book undoubtedly of great antiquity, and by most learned men attributed to the pen of Moses. That Moses was the compiler or *part author* appears to me beyond a doubt, as will be seen more fully in the following pages. From *its internal features* — from the ideas and sentiments exhibited, and (2.) from genealogical calculations, the date of this poem must evidently fall between the going down of the Israelites into Egypt and the Exode. The whole character of the book is patriarchal, and not the slightest allusion will be found in it to the Mosaical dispensation.

With regard the *period*: — we read of certain persons — friends of Job, who came to visit him in his calamity: from some of these parties we

people. "Concerning Edom, thus saith the Lord God of hosts, Is wisdom no more in Teman? is counsel perished from the prudent? is their wisdom vanished?" (Jeremiah xlix. 7.). Thirdly, we may advance as proof, the words of Barachel, Job, xxxii. 21. "Let me not, I pray you, accept any man's person, neither let me give pleasing titles," which evidently shows that persons of rank and distinction were present. Exodus xv. 15., "Then the dukes of Edom shall be amazed."

These three friends were also VERY AGED, for Elihu says, "I am young, and ye are very old; wherefore I was afraid, and durst not show my opinion," xxxii. 6. "With us are both the grey-headed and very aged men, much elder than thy father," xv. 10.

In what time, then, did Eliphaz live? He was the eldest son of Esau, who was the son of Isaac, who was the son of Abraham.

Call of Abraham, B. C. 1921.,

Abraham x Sarah.

100 years old at the birth of Isaac, B. C. 1896.,

Isaac x Rebekah.

who lived 180 years, and was 60 yrs. of age at the birth of (1836) Esau + Jacob.

Now Abraham lived 175 years, Isaac lived 180 years; Esau and Jacob lived about 15 years with their grandfather Abraham, and 120 years with their father.

Again, we read, Esau (Gen. xxvi. 34.) was 40 years of age when he married Adah the mother of Eliphaz: Eliphaz, in all human probability, might be near 80 years old at the death of Isaac, which happened 10 years BEFORE the going down of Jacob and his family into Egypt, B. C. 1706.

In a few words, we may conclude that Eliphaz the Temanite being AN OLD MAN at the time of Job's calamity, considering the modified ages of those days and considering also that from the going

down of Jacob and his family to the Exode was only 115 years, the date of the poem, or rather the event which it commemorates, must be placed about *half way* between the "going into Egypt and the Exode; say, in round numbers, 100 years *before the Exode*. Eliphaz might then be about 160 years of age.

We may consider the youngest character Elihu; and looking at the pedigrees, we find that Aram and Rebekah were first cousins, so that this Elihu, in all *probability*, was the great-grandson of Aram or Ram, which would make him a young man when Eliphaz was an old man: we have here, at all events, no discrepancy nor anachronism, and considering ALSO the family connexions, we may admit this as a presumptive proof towards establishing our premises.

Bildad the Shuhite appears to have been a descendant of Abraham by his wife Keturah, whose eldest son was Shuah (Gen. xxv. 2.); and we find in verse 6., that Abraham gave gifts to the sons of his concubines, and sent them *eastward*, unto the east country. See also Gen. xxxviii.

Zophar, probably a descendant of Esau by Ruel, son of Bashemath the Ishmaelite (Naamathite).

Such being the case, we have quite a *family meeting*—an Idumean Arab, in Eliphaz son of Esau,—another descendant of Abraham in Bildad; and of Zophar we may draw a fair conclusion; and lastly, we have Elihu of the family of Nahor, Abraham's brother.

And Job, who was he? Was he a real person or fictitious? That such a person existed, there cannot be a doubt. Ezek. xiv. 14.: "Though these three men, Noah, Daniel, and Job, were in it, they would deliver but their own souls;" and

as there can be no doubt of Daniel or David having existed, so, by parity of reasoning, Job must have been a *real* person. St. James, v. ii. makes mention of Job: "Behold, we count them happy which endure. Ye have heard of the patience of Job, and have seen the end of the Lord; that the Lord is very pitiful and of tender mercy." The very first verse of the Book, in the *Hebrew*, is so *peculiarly expressive* and individual, that must strike the Hebrew scholar at once of the real existence of such a character; and lastly, we might argue from circumstances and features in the poem itself to the reality.

Who was Job? is a question more easily asked than answered. Arguing negatively, we may conclude he was *not* an Idumean Arab, or of the family of Esau; for Job says, "No doubt, ye are the people, &c.," from which it is quite clear he belonged not to *that* stock. He was *not* descended from Abraham, as Bildad the Shuhite was present. He was *not* an Ishmaelite Arab, since we find he speaks of them, not as *kinsmen* (ch. vi. 19.), but, we may rather collect, as enemies, "whose hand should be against every man, and every man's hand against him." Gen. xxi. 20; "and he (Ishmael) dwelt in the wilderness, and became an archer," Gen. xvi. "He shall be a wild man," "ferus tam onager," (^k) translates Bochart; and Job seems to speak against such a people in several passages, xxiv. "Behold, as wild asses in the desert, go they forth to their work; rising betimes *for the prey*: the wilderness yieldeth food for them and for their children" (*et passim*). The character, too, which the learned historian has drawn of Job, forbids us to rank him among such a wild and barbarous people. Moreover (which is a point worthy of notice), had Job been of the line of

Abraham, or of Nahor his brother, this same historian, who was so skilled in genealogies and history, and who, we find, displays his knowledge when an opportunity offers, as in the case of the three friends, and in that of Elihu, the son of Barachel the Buzzite, of the kindred of Ram, would undoubtedly, *à fortiori*, have not failed to have done so, of so eminent and powerful a man, and so worthy a character as Job, whose history and sufferings he could write, and deem worthy a place among those other writings which compose the Pentateuch. But we are here assuming what we wish to prove.

Who was this Job? It would be foreign to my object to enter into any nicety of argument on this question, but simply to give it *as an acknowledged fact*, that he was a person free from *all idolatry*, and who had evidently a full and correct knowledge of the Shemetic covenant—*as an opinion* that he was a descendant of Shem, as was Melchisedek, king of Salem—“King of Righteousness”—“Prince of Peace,” as the name imports, *whose* genealogy is unknown, but who nevertheless had a full knowledge of the Divine Will, as revealed under *that covenant*. We must also bear in mind, that though the world in general was strangely corrupt at this period, yet in that as in *all* ages, there had been a remnant left, which had preserved, in comparative purity, the *true religion* of which Job and Melchisedek are examples; and adding to which the consideration that Moses wrote his history of the *Church of God*, through the Branch of Promise, *exclusive* of other honoured individuals and tribes, who nevertheless held and maintained, in an essential degree, the same truths, and though scattered here and there, as it were, on the varied wilderness of nature, we may easily

imagine Job to have been one of *such individuals*, and who says, "I have understanding as well as you; I am *not inferior* to you: yea, who knoweth not *such things as these*?" xii. 3.

Having now shown the date of the event, Job's calamity, and a pretty just idea of whom Job was, let me briefly state the object of the Book, and after which to show that *Moses was the author*.

The *ultimate* object appears to have been to *unite* a full account of the Patriarchal with the Mosaical dispensation: — the chief doctrines of the Patriarchal religion may be collected as follows: —

I. Creation of the world by One Supreme and Eternal Intelligence; ch. xxxviii. xl.

II. Its *regulation* by His perpetual and superintending Providence. (*Passim.*)

III. The *intentions* of His Providence carried into effect by the ministration of a heavenly hierarchy; ch. i. 6, 7., iii. 18, 19., v. 1.

IV. This heavenly hierarchy composed of various ranks and orders, possessing different dignities and offices; ch. iv. 18., xxxiii. 22, 23., v. 2., xv. 15.

V. An *apostasy* or *defection* in some ranks or orders of these powers, of which Satan appears to have been one, and perhaps the chief; ch. i. 6—12., ii. 2—7., iv. 18., xv. 15.

VI. The good and evil principles are employed by God, in the administration of His Providence, and both amenable to Him at stated courts, held for the purpose of receiving an account of their respective missions.

VII. A day of future *resurrection*, *judgment*, and *retribution* to all mankind; ch. xiv. 13, 14, 15., xix. 25—29., xxi. 30., xxxi. 14.

VIII. The *propitiation* of the Creator, in the case of human transgressions, by the sacrifice and the *mediation* and *intercession* of a Righteous Person; ch. i. 5., xiii. 8, 9.

It is curious to remark the grounds of argument assumed in favour of a FUTURE STATE, in the present poem, and hence by the patriarchal times generally, and that assumed by the philosophers of Greece and Rome, who assented to the same doctrines; the former *alone* appealing to the resurrection of the body without a distinct idea of the immortality of the soul; the latter *alone* to a distinct idea of its immortality and without an idea of its resurrection. It remained for the *Christian dispensation* to reconcile the discrepancy which brought "*Life and Immortality to light.*"

*The Compiler or Reviewer of this Poem was
Moses.*

It would appear from ch. xxxii. 16., and in other parts of Elihu's speech, that he supplied the *materials* for Job. "When I had waited, (for they spake not, but stood still and answered me no more,) I said, I will answer also my part;" and 15th verse, "They were amazed, they answered no more," as if Elihu had written on the subject, and the manuscript had fallen into the hands of Moses. That Moses was the compiler, there cannot be a question of doubt, comparing the great similarity of sentiment and ideas with those found in the book called the Pentateuch. Moses, we learn, was eminent as a scholar, "learned in all the wisdom of the Egyptians, and mighty in words and deeds," Acts, vii. 22. Accustomed to the society of the most learned, and meek and apt to learn, with the influence and favour of a powerful monarch to

second and aid his wishes, and chosen of God in His all-wise Providence as a fitting instrument of his service,—we may consider Moses carefully instructed in the whole range of science as then known, and in all the wisdom of the age. As such a character, we cannot suppose that in his solitude as a shepherd for forty years, whilst tending the flock of his father-in-law in the wilderness, on the slopes of Horeb, he would be lost to himself and to the world, and to the great cause for the which he was to be so able and wonderful a champion. We must not imagine that a mind so richly stored would not ripen into fruits of usefulness, and in its silent musings and contemplations collect *all* materials possible for, and lay the foundations of, that *one great* object—the redemption of his brethren from bondage, and of their future *status* in the world as God's peculiar people. Though we have nothing handed down to us of the *private* life of this great man before or after leaving Egypt for the land of Midian, except what we gather from Stephen's speech, yet we are assured, he had pity on his suffering countrymen, and had some *idea*, before receiving an open and positive mission, “that God would deliver his nation by his hand” “which they seem not to have comprehended.”

This retirement was perhaps wisely ordained, as a space of contemplation and rest from the gaieties and frivolities of a court, before an entrance upon so sacred and responsible a duty of “lawgiver and leader of a people;” it afforded time for greater intercourse with the neighbouring nations, and the opportunity of collecting and digesting the *histories* of these different tribes, so as to form *one grand outline* or sketch of religion or manifestations of God from the *earliest periods*.

As the collector of such evidence, the remarkable circumstances of Job's trials and afflictions, and ultimate restoration to health and prosperity, would not pass unnoticed and though thought not altogether sufficiently important to be embodied in the history of God's dealings with *His chosen* people, might still be retained and made serviceable in the great cause. It would be useful as a manual of private instruction, especially to a stiff-necked and self-willed race, showing, as it eminently does, God's mysterious dealings with *individuals*, as well as with *nations* — teaching them entire submission and resignation to the severest trials of life — that man cannot be justified before God for his own goodness or integrity, — that there is absolute need of *confession* of guilt and sin, — a need of *sacrifice* for that sin, and a *priest* or intercessor, interpreter (one in a thousand) to offer that sacrifice.*

Again, Moses would find such an interesting narrative, as novel and attractive, most useful in strengthening and confirming his history of Creation, xxxviii. 4—12.; of the sin of Adam and Eve, xxxi. 33.; of the Flood, xxii. 16., xii. 15.; the *promise* of a ransom, or mighty Prince and Saviour; which events would be the prevailing and all-absorbing topics of appeal and admiration amongst the early inhabitants of the world, and for centuries afterwards, and thus would the poem be read, with the greatest delight and enthusiasm, by the Israelite in the days of Moses. We have in this poem the most manifest proof of the *Resurrection* of the body of man, and of his millennial reign with his Redeemer upon earth, xiv. 14., xix. 25, 26, 27.

* Compare Solomon's Song, Ch. iv. 4., אֶלֶף תִּמְנָן with Rev. ch. i. 8. Ἐγὼ εἰμι τὸ Α καὶ τὸ Ω.

Another remark may be mentioned : as we read, Job lived after this trial 140 years, and that God blessed him with a double portion, and with a family, he would become, as it were, a *proverb*, and a signal mark of God's favour, and whose fame could not but have been noised far and wide amongst all believers, and amongst these to the learned and pious shepherd, whose locality of sojourn for forty years would be neighbouring to that of Job, and who, in all human probability, would be contemporaries for a short period and *known to each other*, as we learn Moses was eighty years old *before the Exode* ; and as we conjecture (see calculations), Job's calamity happened about 100 years before the Exode, and as we find he lived 140 years afterwards, and if so, which is very probable, who can doubt the truth of the narrative, or the supposition that Moses would become the author and compiler or reviewer of such a poem. But this will come more to the proof when we compare the expressions and ideas of the one with the writings of Moses in the Pentateuch.

Almighty God.—Lord Jehovah.

These two expressions, I am prepared to show, firstly prove Job's calamity to have been *ante-Mosaical* ; and, secondly, that Moses was the reviewer or compiler of this work.

It is a singular fact, that in the narrative part of this book, which is comprehended in the first two chapters and in the last eleven verses of the concluding chapter, the word *Jehovah, the Lord*, occurs twenty-six times ; while in the poem itself we find it only in ch. xii. 9. xxxviii. 1., and xlii. 1. Why is it, then, this sacred name is so frequently employed in the narrative, and so sparingly introduced in the dialogue ? I will answer

the question, and which must be conclusive to our inquiries.

I.—In Exod. vi. 3., we read, “and I appeared unto Abraham, unto Isaac, and to Jacob, by the name of *God Almighty*, but by my name *Jehovah* was I not known unto them. Again, Gen. xvii. 2., “I am the *Almighty God* ;” Gen. xliii. 14., ‘And *God Almighty* give you mercy before the man ;’ xlviii. 3., “And Jacob said unto Joseph, *God Almighty* appeared unto me at Luz in the land of Canaan, and blessed me.” This was the usual name of God at these periods ; and, if we look carefully through the Book of Job, we shall find the word *Almighty* in repeated use, and as the chief expression for God ; and therefore this *simple fact* is a strong and undeniable proof of its *patriarchal* antiquity, and especially as the use of this expression obtained in full force at the time of the bondage in Egypt : it also shows that the period or date of the occurrence might be placed during this bondage ;—the poem itself *ante-Mosaical*, and the more modern finish or revision, with additions by the hand of Moses.

II.—The expression *Lord Jehovah*, it appears, was not known at this period—*i. e.* in the patriarchal times : it did not obtain till the Israelites were to be delivered from their bondage in Egypt, and by *that name* was that wonderful event to be effected, Exod. vi., iii. 14., “I am that I am :” who, then, could have introduced this name into the narrative but Moses—so frequently, in *so little matter*, to show its *newness* and *importance*, and as contrasted with the *ancient* expression, *God Almighty*, to give it greater force. We find the poem, as it were, finished off here and there, at the beginning and end, by this *new name*, twenty-six times, chiefly in the first two chapters, which contain the

narrative, and in a few verses in the last chapter. This *new name* was revealed to Moses, and by *that name Jehovah* he wrought deliverance for his brethren.

From the peculiarities of the style of the composition, the author must have been a Hebrew by birth and of native language; and from his extensive acquaintance with Astronomy, Natural History, and the general science of the age, an Arabian, by long residence and local study, and must have lived subsequently to Abraham, and who could, from all we learn, be no other than Moses: in him we discover a deep and varied philosophic mind, extensive in its range of knowledge; a man of erudition, and which justly entitles him to be called "learned in all the wisdom of the Egyptians, and mighty in deeds and in words." In the *larger work*, the "*Fragmenta*," this subject is continued to some length, in comparing this book, with the Pentateuch, in style, in sentiment, in history, in science, and in its philosophy, *both* breathing the same spirit of morality and doctrine, — ALL which, if duly considered, *both books* must be attributed to *one and the same* author.

HAGAR. *Gen. xxi.*

No whisper was heard in Beersheba wild —
Nor voice of a bird to cheer up the way ;
No forest-green shades the wilderness smiled,
No sheltered retreats from heat of the day.
All nature lay calm—in solitude lost,—
One barrenness vast stretched out far and wide,
Oh ! pity the soul disconsolate tossed,
Wandering, unconscious what ills may betide.

'Twas here once a mother driven from home,
Heart-broken—forsaken—banished in haste,
Not knowing the track, or whither to roam,
Led on her child through the desolate waste.
Fainting with thirst—the water all gone—
What mother can hear that heart-rending cry,
Can brave the sad moan and look of her son,
But in anguish of soul, lest he should die ?

“ Oh ! let me not see the death of my child,
Give us but water—his thirst to allay ;
Father of Heaven, through this wilderness wild,
Conduct us but safe, though devious its way ! ”

The cry reach'd to heaven ; an angel came
down,

Her silvery wings embalming the air :
“ Hagar, arise !—from heaven have I flown,
An angel of God—thy help in despair.
Thy prayer has gone up, and pierced through the
sky ;

God in His promise was ready to hear.
Go, drink at yon well I've opened close by ;
Rejoice and be glad, thy fate never fear.
'Fear not,' saith our God, 'I'll sure bless the lad,
And make him a *nation* powerful and great.'

Wild though he'll be, as an archer though clad —
Yet *trust in that God and His Providence wait.*"

E'en now shall all find, though chequered this life,
Whatever the ills that cause us to grieve,
God on our side, — let us heed not the strife,
His presence shall save, our wants shall relieve.

EARLY RISING.*

Up with the lark I would away,
And hail the early dawn of day,
Breathe fresh the gentle bracing morn
While yet the dew is on the thorn ;
Ere yet the sun with peeping head
Has risen from his blushing bed,
Or chased the elphins in the air,
From meads and mountain-tops afar ;
Or bid the shadows up and play,
And brighter show the face of day ;
Ere yet the sheep are out of fold,
Or bleating restless to be told ;
Or shepherd watchful from his cot
Has led them to some favourite spot,
To crop the herbs and drink the dew,
And decorate the landscape view.
Who but a fool would doze away,
Nor up enjoy the dawn of day ?
'Tis cordial to the soul and mind,
With health and strength and thought combined.
Then with the lark I will away,
And hail the early dawn of day.

Now would I find the river's side,
Where tepid waters gently glide,
And on its banks secluded sit,
Undress alone where most 'tis fit,
In quickly plunge and have a swim,
Breathe for a while, and out again ;

* The celebrated Dr. Boërhaave, prescribed *morning devotion* as the best method of preserving health ; for, said he, " nothing can tend more to the health of the body than the tranquillity of the mind, and the due regulation of the passions ; and nothing," adds he, " more effectually restrains the passions, and gives spirit and vigour through the business of the day, than early meditation and prayer."

For this is good and pleasant too,
To bathe the limbs and nerves renew ;
To cool the blood, or circulate,
Or make the stomach masticate,
Or send a warmth through every pore,
When dressed and righted as before.
Ah ! now how light and fresh I feel,
As lively passions o'er me steal ;
I feel indeed in pleasant trim,
Quite sound and right in wind and limb,
And homeward bend, expected there,
To lift the soul in early prayer,
To bless the God of every good,
For health, for strength, for daily food ;
And who can better help to pray,
Than he who rose at dawn of day ?

At home arrived, how sweet to see
All order, love, and harmony,
Where servants, children, mistress, all
At once obey the usual call ;
And listening to, with heart and ear,
The gospel read with holy fear ;
Or lowly on their humble knees,
To Him who every action sees,
Join in a prayer of love and praise,
And seek direction in His ways.

Now here we see the breakfast made,
How neat and clean the table's laid ;
The steaming urn creates a thought
Of comforts seldom to be bought.
The bacon, eggs, and butter there,
All proclaim a goodly fare :
And this we find the due reward
Of those who early praise the Lord,
Who with the lark speed on their way,
And walk abroad at dawn of day,
Who breathe the early bracing morn
While yet the dew is on the thorn.

Equity.

“For law we have a measure, and know what to trust to: *equity* is according to the conscience of him that is chancellor, and as that is narrower or larger, so is equity. ’Tis all one, as if they should make the standard for the measure a chancellor’s foot. What an uncertain measure would this be! One chancellor has a long foot, another a short foot, a third an indifferent foot. It is the same thing with the chancellor’s conscience.” — SELDEN’s *Table Talk*.

Equity, in its true and genuine meaning, is the soul and spirit of all law: *positive* law is construed, and *rational law* is made, by it.

Jury.

Pausanias relates, that at the trial of Mars, for murder, in the court denominated *Areopagus* from that incident, he was acquitted by a jury composed of *twelve pagan deities*.

Among the Norman and Danes great veneration was paid to the number twelve.

“*Nihil sanctius, nihil antiquius fuit; perinde ac si in ipso hoc numero secreta quædam esset religio.*” (Dissert. epist. 49.) — HICKE’s *Spelm. Gloss.* 329.

Curious Plea.

A chancellor of Oxford claimed cognizance of an action of trespass brought against himself, which was disallowed, because he should not

judge his own cause. Sergeant Rolfe, in pleading in behalf of the cognizance said :—

Jeovous dirai un fable. En ascun temps fuit un pape, et avoit fait un grand offence, et le cardinals vindrent à luy et disoyent à luy, "Peccavi;" et il dit, "Judica me": et ils disoyent, "Non possumus, quia caput es ecclesiæ; judica teipsum:" et l'apostol dit, "Judico me cremari:" et fuit combustus; et apres fuit un saint. Et in ceo cas il fuit son juge demene, et issint n'est pas inconvenient que un home soit juge demene.—*Year-book M. 8 Hen: vi. 20.*

My readers must pardon the Norman French.

Pragmatical Doctor of Bruges.

This pragmatical professor gave an universal challenge to dispute "in omni scibili, et de quolibet ente." Mr. More, afterwards Sir T. More, puzzled the gentleman by a bit of English law, —proposing this question:—

"Utrum averia caruciæ, capta in vetito namio, sint irreplegibilia," "whether beasts of the plough taken in withernam are incapable of being replevied."

Cats.

These animals seem to have been held in great estimation by the ancient Britons; to kill or steal a cat was considered a grievous crime, especially if it belonged to the king's household, and was the "*custos horrei regii*," for which there was a very peculiar forfeiture :—

"Si quis felem, horrei regii custodem, occiderit vel furto abstulerit, felis summa cauda suspendatur, capite aream attingente, et in eam grana tritici effundantur, usquedum summitas caudæ tritico co-operiatur."—Wotton. l. 4. Wall. l. 3. c. 5. s. 5.

There was a similar amercement for stealing swans, only suspending them by the beak instead of the tail.

The Corsned

Was a piece of bread or cheese about an ounce in weight, which was consecrated with a form of exorcism, and was to be swallowed, to try the guilt or innocence of a person. The form of exorcism desired the Almighty to cause convulsions and paleness, and find no passage, if the person were really guilty; but that it might turn to health and nourishment if innocent. Something similar was the water of jealousy among the Jews.

The Corsned was given to the person suspected, who at the same time received the Sacrament. Some suppose it was consecrated bread. It is said that Earl Godwin, in the reign of Edward the Confessor, abjuring the death of the king's brother, at last appealed to the Corsned "per buccellam deglutiendam abjuravit," which stuck in his throat and killed him.

Hence no doubt are derived our common phrases, "I will take the Sacrament upon it,"—"May this morsel be my last;"—"It sticks in my throat,"—"I can't swallow it;" and the like.

Another form of speech "*of going through fire*

and water to serve another," may have its origin in the trial by water and fire.

"Tenetur se purgare is qui accusatur, per Dei judicium : scilicet per calidum ferrum, vel per aquam, pro diversitate conditionis hominum : vel per ferrum calidum si fuerit homo liber ; per aquam, si fuerit rusticus.—Glanv. l. 14. c. 1.

One cannot but be astonished at the folly and impiety of pronouncing a man guilty unless he was cleared by a miracle ; and of expecting that all the powers of Nature should be suspended, by an immediate interposition of Providence, to save the innocent whenever it was presumptuously required.

De Uxore Rapta et Abducta.

In an action the husband may recover, *not possession* of his wife, but damages for taking her away ; and by Stat. West i. 3. Ed. I. c. 13., the offender shall be imprisoned two years, and be fined at the pleasure of the king. Both the king and the husband may therefore have this action.

There is also an action against any one who may persuade and entice the wife to live separate from the husband, without a sufficient cause. The old law was so strict on this point, that if one's wife missed her way upon the road, it was not lawful for another man to take her into his house, unless she were benighted, and in danger of being lost or drowned : but a stranger might carry her behind him on horseback to market, to a justice of the peace for a warrant against her husband, or to the spiritual court to sue for a divorce.

Barristers, in the old law books, are styled "*Apprenticii ad legem*," apprentices to the law, being looked upon as merely learners, and not qualified to execute the full office of an advocate, till they were of sixteen years' standing ; at which time they might be called to the state and degree of *serjeants*, or "*servientes ad legem*."

THE BROKEN HEART.

WHAT brings a broken heart? Is it to mourn,
 Loss of wealth, or worldly reputation?
 To foster care till on the vitals fed,
 Corroding deeply gnaws the chords of life,
 And sends the sufferer to another world?

Is it to mourn

The loss of friends laid low by death
 The *only friend* — the solace of one's days;
Without whose presence all appears a blank —
 Perhaps the one whose heart and soul were
 framed

To soothe the cares of life and sweeten joys,
 Cut down in loveliness — a blushing rose,
 Or virtuous, humble, like some primrose flower,
 That, quiet nestling on some mossy bank,
 Sheds sweetest fragrance to the summer eve?
 Is this the secret force which hurl'd the shaft,
 And pierced to death the lonely broken heart?
Affection — 'tis indeed a powerful word,
 Embracing wide control in every breast,
 And often swells to burst with mighty grief.
 'Tis she who plants memorials of her love,
 And fixes emblems on the silent grave,
 The myrtle-tree or sweetly scented brier;
 Or on the tomb the wreath of amaranth;
 And she it is who, kneeling, worships three
 The lifeless clay, — once breathing fondest hopes.

.

Nay *Time*, which flits along with dusky wing,
 O'ershadows all such cares — as mortals we,
 So vanish these, as new creations rise.
Time may restore the loss of worldly wealth,

Gain approbation as the long-sought prize ;
And deep repentance turn the profligate.
Time new affections and fresh hope inspires,
And thus we make our moves, by lapse of time,
From grief to joy, from joy to grief again.

But what's the broken heart? — Your own sad
tears

Which falling fast bewail cold penury?
Or offspring mourning, orphan-like in grief
That melts the little heart and bids it cry
With anguish, which no guilt of his could bring?
Is it a child adorned with lovely grace,
Beauteous in Nature's pure simplicity,
On whom the parents' fondest hopes were fixed,
Destroyed by the seducer, and left to mourn
Forsaken pledges and the world's cold frown.
What's the broken heart? The answer. — Nay;
That heart can never tell — till cease it may
And beat no more with sorrow, grief, and pain,
Therefore, reader, *drop a tear*, and pray
That you may never feel a *Broken Heart*.

NOTES.

Page 17. — (*)

"And they shall be one flesh."— Gen. ii. 24.

The sweet charities of life,— sympathy, affection, and benevolence —are the blessings blended with sorrow, sickness, and infirmity; and from the restraints of temper and mutual forbearance we practise to each other, arise the kindness and goodwill which are the charms of social life.

"Of Love * there can be no less acknowledged, than that her seat is in the bosom of God, her voice in the harmony of the world; all things do her homage, the very least as feeling her care, and the greatest as not exempted from her power; both angels and men, and creatures of what condition soever, though each in different sorts and manners, yet *all* with uniform consent, admiring her as the mother of their peace and joy."— *Hooker*.

'Tis there He sits, the Just, the Good Supreme,
Propounds His laws, and harmonises all,
And leads the tribes of this diminished orb
Through scenes where sense or doubting reason falls.

"Sedeà colà, dond' egli, e buono e giusto
Dà legge al tutto; e 'l tutto orna, e perduce,
Souvra i bassi confin del mondo angusto,
Ove senso, o ragion non si conduce."— *Tasso*, cant. ix. sta. 5.

Page 19. — (b)

Job vi.

Job still justifies himself in his complaint. The deep-felt sense of the wrath of God is harder to bear than any outward afflictions.

Job reflects upon his friends for their censures. He complains of having nothing offered to his relief, but what is in itself tasteless, loathsome and burthensome.

* "Law" is Hooker's word.

In his *prosperity* he had formed great expectations from his friends; but now he feels disappointed: this he compares to the failing of brooks in summer.

It is our wisdom to cease from man. Let us put our confidence in the Rock of Ages, not in broken reeds: in the "Fountain of Life," not in broken cisterns.

The application comes home. It were well for us if we had always such convictions of the vanity of the creature as we have had, or shall have, on a sick-bed or death-bed, or in trouble of conscience, or in trouble of any kind.

Though Job had been in fault, his friends ought not to have given him such *hard usage*. Let us commit our souls to Him who keeps our souls; in the great day, every upright believer shall have praise of God.

Page 20. — (c)

Moonlight Meditations

The study of the Universe produces humility. What an insignificant being does man appear, when he compares himself with the magnificence of creation, and with the myriads of exalted intelligences with which it is peopled! What are all the honours and splendours of this earthly ball, of which mortals are so proud, when placed in competition with the resplendent glories of the skies! Such a display as the Almighty has given of Himself in the magnitude and variety of his works, and was evidently intended to stain the pride of all human grandeur, and that no flesh should glory in His presence."

Could we wing our way, with the swiftness of a seraph, from sun to sun, and from world to world, till we had surveyed all the systems visible to the naked eye, which are only a mere speck in the Universe,—could we mingle with the pure and exalted intelligences which people those resplendent abodes, and behold their humble and ardent adorations of their Almighty Maker, their benign and condescending deportment towards one another, "each esteeming another better than himself," and all united in the bonds of the purest affection, without one haughty look or discordant feeling — what *indignation* and astonishment would seize us on our return to this obscure corner of creation, to behold beings enveloped in the midst of ignorance, immersed in depravity and wickedness, and liable to a thousand accidents, exposed to

the ravages of the earthquake, the volcano, the storm, and yet proud as Lucifer, "and glorying in their shame!" We should be apt to view them as we now do those Bedlamites who fancy themselves to be kings, surrounded by their nobles, while they are chained to the walls of a noisome dungeon. Sure pride was never made for man.

Phases of the Moon.—During four or five days of each revolution, the moon is invisible, and she always becomes thus invisible when within an angular distance of about 80° on either side of the sun.

She first appears about 30° above the western horizon at sunset, under the form of a slender crescent; her angular points or horns are turned to the left of the spectator, her motion being eastward, at the rate of about 13° in twenty-four hours.

The sunset of next evening finds her somewhat about 12° further from the sun, which has advanced (rather earth) in that period about *one degree* in same direction; thus her elevation above the western horizon is now about 42° ; her crescent, from a mere line of light, now presents the appearance of a lune, and in two or three days more, when she has obtained 90° from the sun, and passes the meridian at sunset, the space between her horns is filled with light, and her disc has become a complete luminous semi-circular area: this is the *first quarter*. As she advances towards the east, this semicircle swells into a figure whose edge is still a semicircle, but whose *base* is now an elliptic lune; she is now said to be "gibbous," and in the *second quarter*. This quarter she terminates when her distance from the sun is about 180° , and *she rises at sunset*. Her disc is now a complete circle, and said to be at *full*. Continuing her course eastward, her full orb begins to contract on that side or limb from which she is moving, until the distance is 270° from the sun; and she completes her *third quarter* when she is again a semicircle or half moon. In her fourth and last quarter she wanes until she becomes only a thread of light, and finally disappears when she approaches the sun a second time within 30° .

When she is in the middle of that portion of her orbit, 60° (in describing which she is invisible), she has the same longitude as the sun, and the instant this occurs it is called the *time of new moon*.

She moves through the heavens at the rate of little

more than half a degree every hour, and completes her circuit (sidereal time) in twenty-seven days, seven hours, forty-three minutes, forty-seven seconds.

Page 23. — (d)

Job's Complaint.

Job was like a man who had lost his way, and had no prospect of better things. May grace teach us all, in the midst of greatest comforts, to be willing to die, and in the midst of its greatest crosses, to be willing to live! Satan appears to have been permitted to shake Job's confidence as well as to afflict his body. Job was an especial type of Christ, whose inward sufferings, both in the Garden and on the Cross, which were most dreadful, arose in a great degree from the assaults of Satan in that hour of darkness. Hence the impatience of Job. To desire to die, to be with Christ, free from sin, is the effect and evidence of grace; but to desire to die to escape trouble, savours of corruption.

Page 24. — (e)

Job. xix.

Æschylus, the Grecian tragedian, has beautifully described similar feelings and truths.

“ This is the state of man : in prosperous fortune
A shadow passing light throws to the ground
Joy's baseless fabric : in adversity
Comes Malice, with a sponge moistened in gall,
And wipes each beauteous character away.”

Page 26. — (f)

Sisyphus.

Sisyphus.—Quasi σιείσοφος, verum divinarum intelligens, Son of Æolus ; a great robber of the Attic country, and slain by Theseus, and for his further punishment in hell, he was set to roll a great stone to the top of a hill, which, when it was at the top, would suddenly slide down again : and so he renewed his labour. He was grandfather of Ulysses.

Page 37.—(c)

Massacre of Jaffa.

The motives for the massacre of Jaffa are stated by Bourrienne in so impartial a manner, that we are inclined to believe he has given a true transcript of his master's mind. "Bonaparte sent his aides-de-camp, Beauharnais and Croisier, to appease as far as possible the fury of the soldiery, to examine what passed, and to report. They learned that a numerous detachment of the garrison had retired into a strong position where large buildings surrounded a courtyard. This court they entered, displaying the scarves which marked their rank. The Albanians and Arnauts, composing nearly the entire of these refugees, cried out from the windows, that they wanted to surrender on one condition — that their lives were spared; if not, threatening to fire upon the officers, and to defend themselves to the last extremity. The young men conceived they ought, and had power, to accede to the demand, in opposition to the sentence of death pronounced against every place taken by assault. I was walking with General Bonaparte before his tent, when the prisoners, amounting to about 4000 men, were marched into the camp. When he beheld the mass of men arrive, and before seeing the aides-de-camp, he turned to me with an expression of consternation: "What would they have me to do with these? Have I provisions to feed them; ships to transport them, either to Egypt or France? How the devil could they play me this trick?" The two aides-de-camp, on their arrival and explanations, received the strongest reprimands. To their defence, that they were alone amid enemies, and that he had recommended to them to appease the slaughter, he replied in the sternest tone. "Yes, without doubt, the slaughter of women and children, old men, the peaceable inhabitants, but not of armed soldiers; you ought to have braved death, and not have brought these to me. What would you have me to do with them?" But the evil was done. Four thousand men were there; their fate must be determined. The prisoners were made to sit down huddled together before the tents, their hands being bound behind them. A gloomy rage was depicted in every lineament. A council was held in the general's tent," &c.

On the third day an order was issued that the prisoners should be shot — an order which was literally executed on 4000 men! “The atrocious crime,” says M. Bourrienne, “makes me shudder when I think of it, as when it passed before me. All that can be imagined as fearful on this day of blood would fall short of the reality!” — *Memoir*, vol. i. p. 156.

The reader may not be displeased to consider the *motives* which induced Napoleon to persevere so long in the siege of Acre. — “I see that this paltry town has cost me many men, and occupies much time; but things have gone too far not to risk a last effort. If we succeed, it is to be hoped we shall find in that place the treasure of the pasha, and arms for 800,000 men. I will raise and arm the whole of Syria, which is already greatly exasperated by the cruelty of Djezzar, for whose fall you have seen people supplicate Heaven at every assault. I advance upon Damascus and Aleppo; I recruit my army by marching into every country where discontent prevails; I announce to the people the abolition of slavery, and of the tyrannical government of the pashas. I arrive at Constantinople with armed masses; I overturn the dominion of the Mussulman; I found in the East a new and mighty empire, which shall fix my position with posterity; perhaps I return to Paris by Adrianople or Vienna, having annihilated the House of Austria.” — vol. i. p. 165.

Napoleon had also promised, in his schemes, restoration of the Jews.

Page 47. — (h)

Gen. ii.

Two favourite apologues of the heathen philosophers, both having reference to the introduction of evil by the acquisition of knowledge, prevailed, and seem to have been suggested by the temptation of Eve.

The beautiful fable of the guilty curiosity and subsequent wanderings of Psyche (the soul), until her final reconciliation to her divine husband; and that of Prometheus, particularly as seen in the terrible yet splendid drama of Æschylus; each point to this important fact:—If

not actually derived from Scripture, they show, by their remarkable coincidence with one another and with the Mosaic history, that the hypothesis to which they refer is a correct inference from the philosophy of morals.

Pandora's Box is a singular coincidence; which box was sent to Epimetheus, who opened it, and all kinds of mischiefs flew out, and filled the earth with diseases and other calamities. He was turned into an *ape* by Jupiter.

Page 54. — (l)

Gen. iii.

The Tree of Human Knowledge is now grafted on the Tree of Life, and that fruit which brought the fear of death into the world, budding on an *immortal stock* becomes the fruit of the promise of immortality.

Page 75.— (k)

Wild Ass.— Job. vi.

"Onager."— The wild ass is common to the whole of Persia, although its proper soil is Arabia. It is of a light mouse colour, with a dark streak over its shoulders and down its back. The head is large, but the animal is much more light and lively than the common ass. It is of a most obstinate nature, and seems to be extremely refractory under any restraint. The wildness and love of liberty are beautifully described by Jeremiah, ch. ii. 24., and ch. xiv. 6.

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